

The Muses' Library

ROBERT HERRICK

THE HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS

EDITED BY

ALFRED POLLARD

WITH A PREFACE BY

A. C. SWINBURNE

VOL. I

REVISED EDITION



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED
NEW YORK E. P. DUTTON & CO

EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN this edition of Herrick quotation is for the first time facilitated by the poems being numbered according to their order in the original edition. This numbering has rendered it possible to print those Epigrams, which successive editors have joined in deplored, in a detachable Appendix, their place in the original being indicated by the numeration. It remains to be added that the footnotes in this edition are intended to explain, as unobtrusively as possible, difficulties of phrase or allusion which might conceivably hinder the understanding of Herrick's meaning. In the longer Notes at the end of each volume earlier versions of some important poems are printed from manuscripts at the British Museum, and an endeavour has been made to extend the list of Herrick's debts to classical sources, and to identify some of his friends who have hitherto escaped research. An editor is always apt to mention his predecessors rather for blame than praise, and I therefore take this opportunity of acknowledging my general indebtedness to the pioneer work of Mr Hazlitt and Dr Grosart, upon whose foundations all editors of Herrick must necessarily build.

ALFRED W POLLARD.

P R E F A C E.

IT IS singular that the first great age of English lyric poetry should have been also the one great age of English dramatic poetry but it is hardly less singular that the lyric school should have advanced as steadily as the dramatic school declined from the promise of its dawn Born with Marlowe, it rose at once with Shakespeare to heights inaccessible before and since and for ever, to sink through bright gradations of glorious decline to its final and beautiful sunset in Shirley but the lyrical record that begins with the author of "Euphues" and "Endymion" grows fuller if not brighter through a whole chain of constellations till it culminates in the crowning star of Herrick Shakespeare's last song, the exquisite and magnificent overture to "The Two Noble Kinsmen," is hardly so limpid in its flow, so liquid in its melody, as the two great songs in "Valentinian" but Herrick, our last poet of that incomparable age or generation, has

* *HESPERIDES*

matched them again and again. As a creative and inventive singer, he surpasses all his rivals in quantity of good work, in quality of spontaneous instinct and melodious inspiration he reminds us, by frequent and flawless evidence, who above all others must beyond all doubt have been his first master and his first model in lyric poetry—the author of “The Passionate Shepherd to his Love”

The last of his line, he is and will probably be always the first in rank and station of English song writers. We have only to remember how rare it is to find a perfect song, good to read and good to sing, combining the merits of Coleridge and Shelley with the capabilities of Tommy Moore and Haynes Bayly, to appreciate the unique and unapproachable excellence of Herrick. The lyrist who wished to be a butterfly, the lyrist who fled or flew to a lone vale at the hour (whatever hour it may be) “when stars are weeping,” have left behind them such stuff as may be sung, but certainly cannot be read and endured by any one with an ear for verse. The author of the Ode on France and the author of the Ode to the West Wind have left us hardly more than a song a-piece which has been found fit for setting to music and, lovely as they are, the fame of their authors does not mainly depend

on the song of Glycine or the song of which Leigh Hunt so justly and so critically said that Beaumont and Fletcher never wrote anything of the kind more lovely Herrick, of course, lives simply by virtue of his songs, his more ambitious or pretentious lyrics are merely magnified and prolonged and elaborated songs. Elegy or litany, epicede or epithalamium, his work is always a song writer's, nothing more, but nothing less, than the work of the greatest song-writer—as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist—ever born of English race. The apparent or external variety of his versification is, I should suppose, incomparable, but by some happy tact or instinct he was too naturally unambitious to attempt, like Jonson, a flight in the wake of Pindar. He knew what he could not do a rare and invaluable gift. Born a blackbird or a thrush, he did not take himself (or try) to be a nightingale.

It has often been objected that he did mistake himself for a sacred poet and it cannot be denied that his sacred verse at its worst is as offensive as his secular verse at its worst; nor can it be denied that no severer sentence of condemnation can be passed upon any poet's work. But neither Herbert nor Crashaw could have bettered such a divinely beautiful triplet as this —

"We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers"

That is worthy of Miss Rossetti herself and
praise of such work can go no higher

But even such exquisite touches or tones of colour may be too often repeated in fainter shades or more glaring notes of assiduous and facile reiteration. The sturdy student who tackles his Herrick as a schoolboy is expected to tackle his Horace, in a spirit of pertinacious and stolid straightforwardness, will probably find himself before long so nauseated by the incessant inhalation of spices and flowers, condiments and kisses, that if a musk-rat had run over the page it could hardly be less endurable to the physical than it is to the spiritual stomach. The fantastic and the brutal blemishes which deform and deface the loveliness of his incomparable genius are hardly so damaging to his fame as his general monotony of matter and of manner. It was doubtless in order to relieve this saccharine and "mellisonant" monotony that he thought fit to intersperse these interminable droppings of natural or artificial perfume with others of the rankest and most intolerable odour. but a diet of alternate sweetmeats and emetics is for the average of eaters and drinkers no less unpalatable than

unwholesome. It is useless and thankless to enlarge on such faults or such defects, as it would be useless and senseless to ignore. But how to enlarge, to expatiate, to insist on the charm of Herrick at his best—a charm so incomparable and so inimitable that even English poetry can boast of nothing quite like it or worthy to be named after it—the most appreciative reader will be the slowest to affirm or imagine that he can conjecture. This, however, he will hardly fail to remark that Herrick, like most if not all other lyric poets, is not best known by his best work. If we may judge by frequency of quotation or of reference, the ballad of the ride from Ghent to Aix is a far more popular, more generally admired and accredited specimen of Mr. Browning's work than "The Last Ride Together"—and "The Lost Leader"—than "The Lost Mistress". Yet the superiority of the less popular poem is in either case beyond all question or comparison in depth and in glow of spirit and of harmony, in truth and charm of thought and word, undeniable and indescribable. No two men of genius were ever more unlike than the authors of "Paracelsus" and "Hesperides" and yet it is as true of Herrick as of Browning that his best is not always his best known work. Everyone knows the song, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye

may", few, I fear, by comparison, know the yet sweeter and better song, "Ye have been fresh and green" The general monotony of style and motive which fatigues and irritates his too-persistent reader is here and there relieved by a change of key which anticipates the note of a later and very different lyric school The brilliant simplicity and pointed grace of the three stanzas to *Ænone* ("What conscience, say, is it in thee") recall the lyrists of the Restoration in their cleaner and happier mood And in the very fine epigram headed by the words "Devotion makes the Deity" he has expressed for once a really high and deep thought in words of really noble and severe propriety His "Mad Maid's Song," again, can only be compared with Blake's, which has more of passionate imagination, if less of pathetic sincerity

A C SWINBURNE

LIFE OF HERRICK.

OF the lives of many poets we know too much, of some few too little. Lovers of Herrick are almost ideally fortunate. Just such a bare outline of his life has come down to us as is sufficient to explain the allusions in his poems, and, on the other hand, there is no temptation to substitute chatter about his relations with Julia and Dianeme for enjoyment of his delightful verse. The recital of the bare outline need detain us but a few minutes only. The least imaginative of readers will have any difficulty in filling it in from the poems themselves.

From early in the fourteenth century onwards we hear of the family of Eyrick or Herrick at Stretton, in Leicestershire. At the beginning of the sixteenth century we find a branch of it settled in Leicester itself, where John Eyrick, the poet's grandfather, was admitted a freeman in 1535, and afterwards acted as Mayor. This John's second son, Nicholas, migrated to

London, became a goldsmith" in Wood Street, Cheapside, and, according to a licence issued by the Bishop of London, December 8, 1582, married Julian, daughter of William Stone, sister of Anne, wife of Sir Stephen Soame, Lord Mayor of London in 1598. The marriage was not unsuccessful. A William* Herrick was baptized at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, November 24, 1585, Martha, January 22, 1586, Mercy, December 22, 1586, Thomas, May 7, 1588, Nicholas, April 22, 1589, Anne, July 26, 1590, and Robert himself, August 24, 1591.

Fifteen months after the poet's birth, on November 7, 1592, Nicholas Herrick made his will, estimating his property as worth £3000, and devising it, as to one third to his wife, and as to the other two thirds to his children in equal shares. In the will he described himself as "of perfect memorye in sowle, but sicke in bodye" Two days after its execution he was buried, having died, not from disease, but from a fall from an upper window. His death had so much the appearance of self destruction that £220 had to be paid to the High Almoner, Dr Fletcher, Bishop

* A second William is said to have been born, posthumously, in "Harry Campion's house at Hampton," in 1593.

of Bristol, in satisfaction of his official claim to the goods and chattels of suicides Herrick's biographers have not failed to extenuate the Bishop for his avarice, but dues allowed by law are hardly to be abandoned because a baby of fifteen months is destined to become a brilliant poet, and no other exceptional circumstances are alleged The estate of Nicholas Herrick could the better afford the fine inasmuch as it realized £2000 more than was expected

By the will Robert and William Herrick were appointed "overseers," or trustees for the children The former was the poet's god-father, and in his will of 1617 left him £5 To William Herrick, then recently knighted for his services as goldsmith, jeweller, and moneylender to James I, the young Robert was apprenticed for ten years, September 25, 1607 An allusion to "beloved Westminster," in his *Tears to Themselves*, has been taken to refer to Westminster school, and alleged as proof that he was educated there Dr Grosart even presses the mention of Richmond, Kingston, and Hampton Court to support a conjecture that Herrick may have travelled up and down to school from Hampton If so, one wonders what his headmaster had to say to the "soft smooth virgins, for our chaste disport"

by whom he was accompanied ' But the references in the poem are surely to his courtier life in London, and after his father's death the apprenticeship to his uncle in 1607 is the first fact in his life of which we can be sure.

In 1607, Herrick was fifteen, and, even if we conjecture that he may have been allowed to remain at school some little time after his apprenticeship nominally began, he must have served his uncle for five or six years Sir William had himself been bound apprentice in a similar way to the poet's father, and we have no evidence that he exacted any premium At any rate, when in 1614, his nephew, then of age, desired to leave the business and go to Cambridge, the ten years' apprenticeship did not stand in his way, and he entered as a Fellow Commoner at St John's His uncle plainly still managed his affairs, for an amusing series of fourteen letters has been preserved at Beaumanor, until lately the seat of Sir William's descendants, in which the poet asks sometimes for payment of a quarterly stipend of £10, sometimes for a formal loan, sometimes for the help of his avuncular Mæcenas It seems a fair inference from this variety of requests that, since Herrick's share of his father's property could

hardly have yielded a yearly income of £40, he was allowed to draw on his capital for this sum, but that his uncle and Lady Herrick occasionally made him small presents, which may account for his tone of dependence

The quarterly stipend was paid through various booksellers, but irregularly, so that the poor poet was frequently reduced to great straits, though £40 a year (£200 of our money) was no bad allowance. After two years he migrated from St John's to Trinity Hall, to study law and curtail his expenses. He took his Bachelor's degree from there in January, 1617, and his Master's in 1620. The fourteen letters show that he had prepared himself for University life by cultivating a very florid prose style which frequently runs into decasyllabics, perhaps a result of a study of the dramatists. Sir William Herrick is sometimes addressed in them as his most "careful" uncle, but at the time of his migration the poet speaks of his "ebbing estate," and as late as 1629 he was still £10 16s 9d in debt to the College Steward. We can thus hardly imagine that he was possessed of any considerable private income when he returned to London, to live practically on his wits, and a study of his poems suggests that, the influence of the careful uncle removed, whatever capital he possessed was soon likely

to vanish* His verses to the Earl of Pembroke, to Endymion Porter and to others, show that he was glad of "pay", as well as "praise," but the system of patronage brought no discredit with it, and though the absence of any poetical mention of his uncle suggests that the rich goldsmith was not well pleased with his nephew, with the rest of his well to do relations Herrick seems to have remained on excellent terms

Besides patrons, such as Pembroke, Westmoreland, Newark, Buckingham, Herrick had less distinguished friends at Court, Edward Norgate, Jack Crofts and others He composed the words for two New Year anthems which were set to music by Henry Lawes, and he was probably personally known both to the King and Queen Outside the Court he reckoned himself one of Ben Jonson's disciples, "Sons of Ben" as they were called, had friends at the Inns of Court, knew the organist of Westminster Abbey and his pretty daughters, and had every temptation to live an amusing and expensive life His poems were handed about in manuscript after the fashion

* Yet in his *Farewell to Poetry* he distinctly says —

"I've more to bear my charge than way to go",
the line, however, is a translation from his favourite
Seneca, Ep 77

of the time, and wherever music and poetry were loved he was sure to be a welcome guest

Mr Hazlitt's conjecture that Herrick at this time may have held some small post in the Chapel at Whitehall is not unreasonable, but at what date he took Holy Orders is not known. In 1627 he obtained the post of chaplain to the unlucky expedition to the Isle of Rhé, and two years later (September 30, 1629) he was presented by the King to the Vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, which the promotion of its previous incumbent, Dr Potter, to the Bishopric of Carlisle, had left in the royal gift. The annual value of the living was only £50 (£250 present value), no great prize, but the poem entitled *Mr Robert Heriche his farewell unto Poetrie* (not printed in *Hesperides*, but extant in more than one manuscript version) shows that the poet was not unaware of the responsibilities of his profession. "But unto me," he says to his Muse

" But unto me be only hoarse, since now
(Heaven and my soul bear record of my vow)
I my desires screw from thee and direct
Them and my thoughts to that sublime respect
And conscience unto priesthood 'Tis not need
(The scarecrow unto mankind) that doth breed
Wiser conclusions in me, since I know
I've more to bear my charge than way to go,

Or had I not, I'd stop the spending rich
Of craving more so in content be rich,
But 'tis the God of nature who intends
And shapes my function for more glorious ends '

Perhaps it was at this time too that Herrick wrote his *Farewell to Sack*, and although he returned both to sack and to poetry we should be wrong in imagining him as a "blind mouth," using his office merely as a means of gain. He celebrated the births of Charles II and his brother in verse, perhaps with an eye to future royal favours, but no more than Chaucer's good parson does he seem to have "run to London unto Seynte Poules" in search of the seventeenth century equivalent for a chauncry, and many of his poems show him living the life of a contented country clergyman, sharing the contents of bin and cruse with his poor parishioners, and jotting down sermon-notes in verse.

The great majority of Herrick's poems cannot be dated, and it is idle to enquire which were written before his ordination and which afterwards. His conception of religion was medieval in its sensuousness, and he probably repeated the stages of sin, repentance and renewed assurance with some facility. He lived with an old servant, Prudence Baldwin, the "Brew" of many of his poems, kept a spaniel named Tracy, and, so says tradition, a tame pig.

When his parishioners annoyed him he seems to have comforted himself with epigrams on them, when they numbered during one of his sermons the manuscript was suddenly hurled at them with a curse for their inattention

In the same year that Herrick was appointed to his country vicarage his mother died while living with her daughter, Mercy, the poet's dearest sister (see 818), then for some time married to John Wingfield of Branham in Suffolk (see 590), by whom she had three sons and a daughter, also called Mercy. His eldest brother, Thomas, had been placed with a Mr Massam, a merchant, but as early as 1610 had retired to live a country life in Leicestershire (see 106). He appears to have married a wife named Elizabeth, whose loss Herrick laments (see 72). Nicholas, the next brother was more adventurous. He had become a merchant trading to the Levant, and in this capacity had visited the Holy Land (see 1100). To his wife Susanna, daughter of William Salter, Herrick addresses two poems (522 and 977). There were three sons and four daughters in this family, and Herrick wrote a poem to one of the daughters, Bridget (562), and an elegy on another, Elizabeth (376). When Mrs Herrick died the bulk of her property was left to the Wingfields, but William Herrick received a

legacy of £100, with ten pounds apiece to his two children, and a ring of twenty shillings to his wife Nicholas and Robert were only left twenty shilling rings, and the administration of the will was entrusted to William Herrick and the Wingfields. The will may have been the result of a family arrangement, and we have no reason to believe that the unequal division gave rise to any ill feeling. Herrick's address to "his dying brother, Master William Herrick" (186), shows abundant affection, and there is every reason to believe that it was addressed to the William who administered to Mrs. Herrick's will.

While little nephews and nieces were springing up around him, Herrick remained unmarried, and frequently congratulates himself on his freedom from the yoke matrimonial. He imagined how he would bid farewell to his wife, if he had one (465), and wrote magnificent epithalamia for his friends, but lived and died a bachelor. When first civil troubles and then civil war cast a shadow over the land, it is not very easy to say how he viewed the contending parties. He was devoted to Charles and Henrietta Maria and the young Prince of Wales, and rejoiced at every Royalist success. Many also of his poems breathe the spirit of unquestioning loyalty, but in others he is less

certain of king's wisdom. Somethi~~g~~ g, how-
ever, must be allowed for his evident habit of
versifying any phrase or epigram which im-
pressed him, and not all his poems need be
regarded as expressions of his personal op-
inions. But with whatever doubts his loyalty
was qualified, it was sufficiently obvious to
procure his ejection from his living in 1648,
and, making the best of his loss, he bade fare-
well to Dean Prior, shook the dust of "loathed
Devonshire" off his feet, and returned gaily to
London, where he appears to have discarded
his clerical habit and to have been made abun-
dantly welcome by his friends.

Free from the cares of his incumbency, and
free also from the restraints it imposed,
Herrick's thoughts turned to the publication
of his poems. As we have said, in his old
Court days these had found some circulation
in manuscript, and in 1635 one of his fairy
poems was printed, probably without his
leave (see Appendix). In 1639 his poem (575)
*The Apparition of his Mistress calling him
to Elysium* was licensed at Stationers' Hall
under the title of *His Mistress' Shade*, and it
was included the next year in an edition of
Shakespeare's Poems (see Notes). On April
29, 1640, "The severall poems written by
Master Robert Herrick," were entered as to be

published by Andrew Crook, but no trace of such a volume has been discovered, and it was only in 1648 that *Hesperides* at length appeared. Two years later upwards of eighty of the poems in it were printed in the 1650 edition of Witt's *Recreations*, but a small number of these show considerable variations from the *Hesperides* versions, and it is probable that they were printed from the poet's manuscript. Compilers of other miscellanies and song books laid Herrick under contribution, but, with the one exception of his contribution to the *Lacrymae Musarum* in 1649, no fresh production of his pen has been preserved, and we know nothing further of his life save that he returned to Dean Prior after the Restoration (August 24, 1662), and that according to the parish register "Robert Herrick Vicker, was buried ye 15th day October, 1674."

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION

IN this edition some trifling errors, which had crept into the text and the enumeration of the poems, have been corrected, and many fresh illustrations of Herrick's reading added in the notes, which have elsewhere been slightly compressed to make room for them. •Almost all of the new notes have been supplied from the manuscript collections of a veteran student of Herrick who placed himself in correspondence with me after the publication of my first edition. To my great regret I am not allowed to make my acknowledgments to him by name

A. W. P.

TO THE

Most Illustrious and Most Hopeful
Prince,

CHARLES,

PRINCE OF WALES

WELL may my book come forth like public day
When such a light as you are leads the way,
Who are my work's creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire,
So all my morn and evening stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too
Full is my book of glories, but all these
By you become immortal substances.

H E S P E R I D E S.

I THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers ,
I sing of May poles, hock carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal cakes ,
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ,
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris ,
I sing of times trans shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white ,
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy King ,
I write of hell, I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all

Hock-cart, the last cart from the harvest-field

Wales, village festivals, properly on the dedication
day of a church

Ambergrys, 'grey amber,' much used in perfumery

HESPERIDES.

2 TO HIS USE

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roam ?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home,
Where thou mayst sit and piping please
The poor and private cottages,
Since cotes and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy
There with the reed thou mayst express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness,
And with thy eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless bucolics.
There on a hillock thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling,
Or to a girl, that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages,
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it
Stay, then, at home, and do not go
Or fly abroad to seek for woe
Contempts in courts and cities dwell,
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read
By no one tongue there censured
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still

3 TO HIS BOOK

WHILE thou didst keep thy candour undefil'd,
Dearly I lov'd thee as my first-born child,
But when I saw thee wantonly to roam
From house to house, and never stay at home,
I brake my bonds of love, and bade thee go,
Regardless whether well thou sped'st or no
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be
If good, I'll smile, if bad, I'll sigh for thee

4 ANOTHER

To read my book the virgin shy
May blush while Brutus standeth by,
But when he's gone, read through what's writ,
And never stain a cheek for it

7 TO HIS BOOK

COME thou not near those men who are like bread
O'er-leaven'd, or like cheese o'er-renneted

8 WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse,
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read

Brutus, see Martial, xi 16, quoted in Note at the d
of the volume

When laurel spirits i'th' fire, and when the hearth
 Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth,
 When up the thyrse * is rais'd, and when the sound
 Of sacred orgies † flies, a round, a round
 When the rose reigns, and locks with ointments shine,
 Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine

9 UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered,
 Now strength and newer purple get,
 Each here declining violet
 O primroses! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye,
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret and cream commingled,
 And those her lips do now appear
 As beams of coral, but more clear.

10 TO SILVIA TO WED

LET us, though late, at last, my Silvia, wed,
 And loving lie in one devoted bed

* "A javelin twined with ivy" (Note in the original edition)

† "Songs to Bacchus" (Note in the original edition)

Round, a rustic dance

Cato, see Martial, x 17, quoted in Note

Beams, perhaps here = branches but cp 440

Thy watch may stand, my minutes fly post-haste,
 No sound calls back the year that once is past
 Then, sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay,
True love, we know, precipitates delay
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove,
No man at one time can be wise and love

II THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA

I DREAMT the roses one time went
 To meet and sit in parliament,
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotless breast,
 Qver the which a state was drawn
 Of tiffanie or cobweb lawn
 Then in that party all those powers
 Voted the rose the queen of flowers,
 But so as that herself should be
 The maid of honour unto thee

I2 NO BASHFULNESS IN BEGGING

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside,
Who fears to ask doth teach to be deny'd

State, a canopy

Tiffanie, gauze

Party, a parliament

13 THE FROZEN HEART

I FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing dwells
 In me but snow and icicles
 For pity's sake, give your advice,
 To melt this snow and thaw this ice
 I'll drink down flames, but if so be
 Nothing but love can supple me,
 I'll rather keep this frost and snow
 Than to be thaw'd or heated so

14 TO PERILLA

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
 Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home,
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
 Part of the cream from that religious spring ,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ,
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst
 implore
 The gods' protection but the night before
 Follow e weeping to my turf, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear
 Then, lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me
 Then shall y ghost not walk about, but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep

*Weekly str ings, z e , of flowers on his grave
 First cast in salt, cp 769*

15 A SONG TO THE MASKERS

COME down and dance ye in the toil
 Of pleasures to a heat,
 But if to moisture, let the oil
 Of roses be your sweat

Not only to yourselves assume
 These sweets, but let them fly
 From this to that, and so perfume
 E'en all the standers by,

As goddess Isis, when she went
 Or glided through the street,
 Made all that touched her, with her scent,
 And whom she touched, turn sweet

16 TO PERENNA

WHEN I thy parts run o'er, I can't espy
 In any one the least indecency,
 But every line and limb diffused thence
 A fair and unfamiliar excellence
 So that the more I look the more I prove
 There's still more cause why I the more should love

17 TREASON

THE seeds of treason choke up as they sprin :
He acts the crime that gives it cherishing

Indecency, uncomeliness

18 TWO THINGS ODIous

Two of a thousand things are disallow'd
A lying rich man, and a poor man proud

19 TO HIS MISTRESSES

HELP me! help me! now I call
To my pretty witchcrafts all,
Old I am, and cannot do
That I was accustomed to
Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
To enflesh my thighs and arms
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Æson had, as poets feign,
Baths that made him young again:
Find that medicine, if you can,
For your dry decrepit man
Who would fain his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you

20 THE WOUNDED HEART

COME bring your sampler, and with art
Draw in't a wounded heart
And dropp'ng here and there
Not that I think that any dart
Can make yours bleed a tear,
Or pierce it anywhere,
Yet do it to this end that I
May by

Æson, rejuvenated by *Medea*, see Ovid, Met vii

This secret see,
Though you can make
That heart to bleed, yours ne'er will ache
For me

21 NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE

WHAT I fancy I approve,
No dislike there is in love
Be my mistress short or tall,
And distorted therewithal
Be she likewise one of those
That an acre hath of nose
Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities
Be her cheeks so shallow too
As to show her tongue wag through,
Be her lips ill hung or set,
And her grinders black as jet
Has she thin hair, hath she none,
She's to me a paragon

22 TO ANTHEA

IF, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few sad hours after thee,
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn
Then holding up there such religious things
As were, time past, thy holy filletings,
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withal;
So three in one small plat of ground shall lie—
Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry

23 THE WEEPING CHERRY

I saw a cherry weep, and why?
 Why wept it? but for shame
 Because my Julia's lip was by,
 And did out ied the same
 But, pretty fondling, let not fall
 A tear at all for that
 Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all
 For tincture wonder at

24 SOFT MUSIC

THE mellow touch of music most doth wound
 The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound

25 THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS

'TWIXT kings and subjects there's this mighty odds
 Subjects are taught by men, kings by the gods

26 HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

Some would know
 Why I so
 Long still do tarry,
 And ask why
 Here that I
 Live and not marry
 Thus I those
 Do oppose
 What man would be here
 Slave to thrall,
 If at all
 He could live free here?

27 UPON JULIA'S FALL

JULIA was careless, and withal
She rather took than got a fall,
The wanton ambler chanc'd to see
Part of her legs' sincerity
And ravish'd thus, it came to pass,
The nag (like to the prophet's ass)
Began to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare sights he'd seen.
And had told all, but did refrain
Because his tongue was tied again.

28 EXPENSES EXHAUST

LIVE with a thrifty, not a needy fate,
Small shots paid often waste a vast estate.

29 LOVE, WHAT IT IS

LOVE is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love

30 PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

WHEN what is lov'd is present, love doth spring;
But bein' absent, love lies languishing.

Shots, debts

31 NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOR I will
Live as I have liv'd still,
And never take a wife
To crucify my life,
But this I'll tell ye too,
What now I mean to do
A sister (in the stead
Of wife) about I'll lead,
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kiss, but yet be chaste.

32 THE POMANDER BRACELET .

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet richly redolent
The beads I kissed, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander

33 THE SHOE-TYING

ANTHEA bade me tie her shoe,
I did, and kissed the instep too
And would have kissed unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

Pomander, a ball of scent

34 THE CARCANET

INSTEAD of orient pearls, of jet
I sent my love a carcanet,
About her spotless neck she knit
The lace, to honour me or it
Then think how rapt was I to see
My jet t'enthrall such ivory

35 HIS SAILING FROM JULIA

WHEN that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone
Unto that watery desolation,
Devoutly to thy closet-gods then pray
That my wing'd ship may meet no remora
Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
And look upon our dreadful passages,
Will from all dangers re deliver me
For one drink offering poured out by thee
Mercy and truth live with thee ! and forbear
(In my short absence) to unslice a tear ,
But yet for love's sake let thy lips do this,
Give my dead picture one engendering kiss
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance, Julia So farewell

Carcanet, necklace

Lace, any kind of girdle , used here for the necklace

Close-gods , the Roman Lares

Remora, the sea Lamprey or suckstone, believed to
check the course of ships by clinging to their keels

36 HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY
SO CALLED

WHY this flower is now call'd so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
Understand, this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonnie lass,
Kept as close as Danae was
Who a sprightly springall lov'd,
And to have it fully prov'd,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruis'd, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving luckless speed,
Turn'd her to this plant we call
Now *the flower of the wall*

37 WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

THESE fresh beauties (we can prove)
Once were virgins sick of love
Turn'd to flowers,—still in some
Colours go and colours come

38 TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
TOYING OR TALKING

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away.

Tempting, trying

You blame me too, because I can't devise
 Some sport to please those babies in *your eyes* :
 By love's religion, I must here confess it,
 The most I love when I the least express it.
Small griefs find tongues full casks are ever found
 To give (if any, yet) but little sound
Deep waters noiseless are, and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below
 So, when love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love and that depth bottomless
 Now, since my love is tongueless, know me such
 Who speak but little 'cause I love so much

39 UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses
 Stately Julia, prime of all
 Sappho next, a principal
 Smooth Anthea for a skin
 White, and heaven like crystalline
 Sweet Electra, and the choice
 Myrrha for the lute and voice.
 Next Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it:
 With Perilla all are gone,
 Only Herrick's left alone
 For to number sorrow by
 The departures hence, and die.

Babies in your eyes, see Note.

40 THE DREAM.

METHOUGHT last night Love in an anger came
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same ,
 Myrtle the twigs were, merely to imply
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty
 Patient I was Love pitiful grew then
 And strok'd the stripes, and I was whole again.
 Thus, like a bee, Love gentle still doth bring
 Honey to salve where he befoie did sting.

42 TO LOVE.

I'M free from thee , and thou no more shalt hear
 My puling pipe to beat against thine ear
 Farewell my shackles, though of pearl they be,
 Such precious thraldom ne'er shall fetter me
 He loves his bonds who, when the first are broke,
 Submits his neck unto a second yoke

43 ON HIMSELF

YOUNG I was, but now am old,
 But I am not yet grown cold ,
 I can play, and I can twine
 'Bout a virgin like a vine
 In her lap too I can lie
 Melting, and in fancy die ,
 And return to life if she
 Claps my cheek, or kisseth me
 Thus, and thus it now appears
 That our love outlasts our years

44 LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

Love and myself, believe me, on a day
 At childish push pin, for our sport, did play,
 I put, he pushed, and, heedless of my skin,
 Love pricked my finger with a golden pin,
 Since which it festers so that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poison me with love
 Little the wound was, greater was the smart,
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart

45 THE ROSARY

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew
 I bade him not go seek,
 But forthwith bade my Julia show
 A bud in either cheek

46 UPON CUPID

OLD wives have often told how they
 Saw Cupid bitten by a flea,
 And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,
 He cried aloud Help, help the wound!
 He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
 To bring him lint and balsamum,
 To make a tent, and put it in
 Where the stiletto pierced the skin,
 Which, being done, the fretful pain
 Assuaged, and he was well again

Push pin, a game in which pins are pushed with
 endeavour to cross them

Tent, a roll of lint for probing wounds

HESPERIDES

47 THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMILLET

THREE lovely sisters working were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maidenhair
A curious armillet
I, smiling, asked them what they did,
Fair Destinies all three,
Who told me they had drawn a thread
Of life, and 'twas for me
They show'd me then how fine 'twas sp
And I reply'd thereto,—
“ I care not now how soon 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you ”

48 SORROWS SUCCEED

WHEN one is past, another care we have.
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.

49 CHERRY-PIT

JULIA and I did lately sit
Playing for sport at cherry-pit
She threw, I cast, and, having thrown,
I got the pit, and she the stone

50 TO ROBIN REDBREAST

LAID out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss work for to cover me.

Cherry-pit, a game in which cherry-stones were
tched into a small hole,

And while the wood nymphs my cold corpse inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

51 DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had
 Since I was born than here,
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devonshire ,
 Yet, justly too, I must confess
 I ne'er invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the press,
 Than where I loathed so much

52 TO HIS PATERNAL COUNTRY.

O EARTH ! earth ! earth ! hear thou my voice, and be
 Loving and gentle for to cover me
 Banish'd from thee I live, ne'er to return,
 Unless thou giv'st my small remains an urn.

53 CHERRY-RIPE

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer There,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile ,
 here's the land, or cherry isle,
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow

54 TO HIS MISTRESSES

Put on your silks, and piece by piece
 Give them the scefit of ambergris,
 And for your breaths, too, let them smell
 Ambrosia-like, or nectarel,
 While other gums their sweets perspire,
 By yo own jewels set on fire

55 TO ANTHEA

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim,
 And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
 Who was thy servant Dearest, bury me
 Under that Holy oak or Gospel-tree,
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
 Me, when thou yearly go'st procession,
 Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
 In which thy sacred relics shall have room
 For y embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee

56 THE VISION TO ELECTRA

I DREAMED we both were in a bed
 Of roses, almost smothered
 The warmth and sweetness had me there
 Made lovingly familiar,
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by night will blush by day

Holy oak, the oak under which the minister read the
 Gospel in the procession round the parish bounds in
 Rogation week

I kissed thee, panting, and, I call
 Night to the record ! that was all
 But, ah ! if empty dreams so please,
 Love give me more such nights as these

57 DREAMS

HERE we are all by day, by night we're hurl'd
 By dreams, each one into a sev'ral world

58 AMBITION

IN man ambition is the common'st thing,
 Each one by nature loves to be a king

59 HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die
 Ere I print my poetry,
 I most humbly thee desire
 To commit it to the fire
 Better 'twere my book were dead
 Than to live not perfected

60 MONEY GETS THE MASTERY

FIGHT thou with shafts of silver and o'ercome,
 When no force else can get the masterdom

61 THE SCARE FIRE

WATER, water I desire,
 Here's a house of flesh on fire,
 Ope the fountains and the springs,
 And come all to bucketings
 What ye cannot quench pull down,
 Spoil a house to save a town
 Better 'tis that one should fall,
 Than by one to hazard all

Scare fire, fire-alarm

62 UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESS

WHEN some shall say, Fair once my Silvia was,
 Thou wilt complain, False now's thy looking-glass,
 Which renders that quite tarnished which was green,
 And priceless now what peerless once had been
 Upon thy form more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And, coming down, shall make no noise at all

63 CHEERFULNESS IN CHARITY, OR, THE SWEET
SACRIFICE

'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs
 Can please those heav'ly deities,
 If the vower don't express
 In his offering cheerfulness.

65 SWEETNESS IN SACRIFICE.

'Tis not greatness they require
 To be offer'd up by fire,
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please
 Those *Eternal Essences*

66 STEAM IN SACRIFICE.

If meat the gods give, I the steam
 High-towering will devote to them,
 Whose easy natures like it well,
 If we the roast have, they the smell.

Priceless, valueless

67 UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
 As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,
 But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
 Melting melodious words to lutes of amber

68 AGAIN

WHEN I thy singing next shall hear,
 I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
 To drink in notes and numbers such
 As blessed souls can't hear too much,
 Then melted down, there let me lie
 Entranc'd and lost confusedly,
 And, by thy music stricken mute,
 Die and be turn'd into a lute.

69 ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

All things decay with time the forest sees
 The growth and downfall of her aged trees,
 That timber tall, which threescore lusters stood
 The proud dictator of the state-like wood,—
 I mean (the sovereign of all plants) the oak,—
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke

Amber, used here merely for any rich material cp
 "Treading on amber with their silver feet"

Lusters, the Roman reckoning of five years.

70 THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS

FIRST, April, she wth mellow showers
 Opens the way for early flowers,
 Then after her comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet array,
 Next enters June, and brings us more
 Gems than those two that went before
 Then (lastly) July comes, and she
 More wealth brings in than all those three

71 NO SHIPWRECK OF VIRTUE TO A FRIEND

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here,
 Nor wreck or bulging thou hast cause to fear,
 But trust to this, my noble passenger,
 Who swims with virtue, he shall still be sure
 (Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure,
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure

72 UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESS ELIZABETH
 HERRICK

FIRST, for effusions due unto the dead,
 My solemn vows have here accomplished
 Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
 Wherein thou liv'st for ever Dear, farewell

Bulging, leaking
Effusions, drink-offerings

73 OF LOVE. A SONNET.

How love came in I do not know,
Whether by the eye, or ear, or no,
Or whether with the soul it came
(At first) infused with the same,
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the soul, whole everywhere,
This troubles me but I as well
As any other this can tell
That when from hence she does depart
The outlet then is from the heart

74 TO ANTHEA.

AH, my Anthea! Must my heart still break?
(*Love makes me write, what shame forbids to speak!*)
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
Then to that twenty add a hundred more
A thousand to that hundred so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million
Treble that million, and when that is done
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun
But yet, though love likes well such scenes as these,
There is an act that will more fully please
Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way
But to th acting of this private play
Name it I would, but, being blushing red,
The rest I'll speak when we meet both in bed.

75 THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRY OF PEARLS

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia
 Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
 Then spoke I to my girl,
 To part her lips, and show'd them there
 The quarrelets of Pearl

76 CONFORMITY

CONFORMITY was ever known
 A foe to dissolution
 Nor can we that a ruin call,
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all

77 TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST

WELCOME, most welcome to our vows and us,
 Most great and universal genius !
 The drooping West, which hitherto has stood
 As one in long-lamented widowhood,
 Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers
 Newly refresh'd both by the sun and showers
 War, which before was horrid, now appears
 Lovely in you, brave prince of cavaliers !
 A deal of courage in each bosom springs
 By your access, O you the best of kings !
 Ride on with all white omens, so that where
 Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

Quarrelets, little squares

78 UPON ROSES

UNDER a lawn, than skies more clear,
 Some ruffled roses nestling were
 And, snuggling there, they seem'd to lie
 As in a flowery nunnery
 They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flowers
 Quicken'd of late by pearly showers,
 And all because they were possess'd
 But of the heat of Julia's breast
 Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
 Gave them their ever-flourishing

79 TO THE KING AND QUEEN UPON THEIR UNHAPPY
DISTANCES

WOE, woe to them, who, by a ball of strife,
 Do, and have parted here a man and wife
 CHARLES the best husband, while MARIA strives
 To be, and is, the very best of wives,
 Like streams, you are divorc'd, but 'twill come when
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix again
 Thus speaks the oak here, C and M shall meet,
 Treading on amber, with their silver feet,
 Nor will't be long ere this accomplish'd be
 The words found true, C M , remember me

80 DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS

As oft as night is banish'd by the morn,
 So oft we'll think we see a king new born.

Oak, the prophetic tree

81 THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR, THE UNGENTLE
GUEST

ONE silent night ^{of} late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate
And, knocking, me molested

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved,
And all with show'r's wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted

I saw he had a bow
And wings, too, which did shiver,
And, looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dried his drooping tresses. *

But when he felt him warm'd
 Let's try this bow of ours,
 And string, if they be harm'd,
 Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
 And wedded string and arrow,
 And struck me, that it went
 Quite through my heart and marrow

Then, laughing loud, he flew
 Away, and thus said, flying.
 Adieu, mine host, adieu,
 I'll leave thy heart a dying.

82 TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
 FATHER

That for seven lusters I did never come
 To do the rites to thy religious tomb,
 That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
 By me, o'er thee, as justments to the dead,
 Forgive, forgive me, since I did not know
 Whether thy bones had here their rest or no
 But now 'tis known, behold! behold, I bring
 Unto thy ghost th' effused offering
 And look what smallage, night-shade, cypress, yew,
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due,

Seven lusters, five and thirty years
Hair was cut, according to the Greek custo
Justments, dues
Smallage, water parsley

Here I devote , and something more than so ,
 I come to pay a debt of birth I owe
 Thou gav'st me life, but mortal , for that one
 Favour I'll make full satisfaction ,
 For my life mortal rise from out thy hearse,
 And take a life immortal from my verse

83 DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction
 An erring lace which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part

84 TO HIS MUSE

WERE I to give thee baptism, I would choose
 To christen thee, the bride, the bashful Muse,
 Or Muse of roses since that name does fit
 est with those virgin-verses thou haſt writ
 Which are so clean, so chaste, as none may fear
 Cato the censor, should he scan each here

85 UPON LOVE

LOVE scorch'd my finger, but d^d spare
 The burning of my heart,
 To signify in love my share
 Should be a little part

Little I love, but if that he
 Would but that heat recall,
 That joint to ashes burnt should be,*
 Ere I would love at all

86. TO DEAN BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY
 WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED

DEAN BOURN, farewell, I never look to see
 Dean, or thy watery † incivility
 Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams
 And makes them frantic even to all extremes,
 To my content I never should behold,
 Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold
 Rocky thou art, and rocky we discover
 Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over
 O men, O manners, now and ever known
 To be a rocky generation!
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude almost as rudest savages,
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
 Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men

* Ong^d ed, *should be burnt*

† Ong^d ed, *warty*

87 KISSING USURY.

BIANCA, let
Me pay^t the debt
I owe thee for a kiss
Thou lend'st to me,
And I to thee
Will render ten for this

If thou wilt say
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one,
I'll clear the sum,
If it will come
Unto a million

By this, I guess,
Of happiness
Who has a little measure,
He must of right
To th' utmost mite
Make payment for his pleasure.

88 TO JULIA

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art
In each thy dainty and peculiar part !
First, for thy queenship, on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet
About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
Made of the ruby, pearl and diamond .

Carcanet, necklace

A golden ring that shines upon thy thumb ·
 About thy wrist, the rich dardanum *
 Between thy breasts (than down of swans more white)
 There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite
 No part besides must of thyself be known,
 But by the topaz, opal, chalcedon

89 TO LAURELS

A FUNERAL stone
 Or verse I covet none,
 But only crave
 Of you that I may have
 A sacred laurel springing from my grave
 Which being seen,
 Blest with perpetual green,
 May grow to be
 Not so much call'd a tree
 As the eternal monument of me

90 HIS CAVALIER

GIVE me that man that dares bestride
 The active sea horse, and with pride
 Through that huge field of waters ride

Who with his looks, too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,
 In midst of all their outrages

This, this a virtuous man can do,
 Sail against rocks, and split them too,
 Ay, and a world of pikes pass through

* *Dardanum*, a bracelet, from Dardanus so called.
 (Note in the original edition *)

91 ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE

I'LL do my best to win whene'er I woo
That man loves not who is not zealous too.

92 THE BAG OF THE BEE

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
 Two cupids fell at odds,
 And whose the pretty prize should be
 They vow'd to ask the gods

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stripp'd them,
 And, taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipp'd them

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
 She kiss'd, and wip'd their dove like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them

93 LOVE KILLED BY LACK

LET me be warm, let me be fully fed,
Luxurious love by wealth is nourished
 Let me be lean, and cold, and once grown poor,
 I shall dislike what once I lov'd before

94 TO HIS MISTRESS

CHOOSE me your valentine,
 Next let us marry—
 Love to the death will pine
 If we long tarry

Promise, and keep your vows,
 Or vow ye never—
 Love's doctrine disallows*
 Troth-breakers ever
 You have broke promise twice,
 Dear, to undo me,
 If you prove faithless thrice
 None then will woo ye

95 TO THE GENEROUS READER

SEE and not see, and if thou chance t'esp'y
 Some aberrations in my poetry,
 Wink at small faults, the greater, re'ertheless,
 Hide, and with them their father's nakedness
 Let's do our best, our watch and ward to keep,
 Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

96 TO CRITICS

I'LL write, because I'll give
 You critics means to live,
 For should I not supply
 The cause, th' effect would die

97 DUTY TO TYRANTS

Good princes must be pray'd for, for the bad
 They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had
 Do they first pill thee, next pluck off thy skin?
Good children kiss the rods that punish sin.
 Touch ot the tyrant, let the gods alone
 To strike him dead that but usurps a throne

Pill, plunder

98 BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA

WHEN age or chance has made me blind,
 So that the path I cannot find,
 And when my falls and stumbling are
 More than the stones i' th' street by far,
 Go thou afore, and I shall well
 Follow thy perfumes by the smell,
 Or be my guide, and I shall be
 Led by some light that flows from thee.
 Thus held or led by thee, I shall
 In ways confus'd nor slip or fall

100 NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE

To bread and water none is poor,
 And having these, what need of more?
 Though much from out the cess be spent,
Nature with little is content

101 BARLEY-BREAK, OR, LAST IN HELL

WE two are last in hell, what may we fear
 To be tormented or kept pris'ners here?
 Alas! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
 We'll wish in hell we had been last and first.

Cess, the parish assessment for church purposes
Barley-break, a country game resembling prisoners' base
 See Note

Hell, the "middle den," the occupants of which had to catch the other players

102 THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY no other thing is than a beam
Flashed out between the middle and extreme

103 TO DIANEME

DEAR, though to part it be a hell,
Yet, Dianeme, now farewell
Thy frown last night did bid me go,
But whither only grief does know
I do beseech thee ere we part,
If merciful as fair thou art,
Or else desir'st that maids should tell
Thy pity by love's chronicle,
O Dianeme, rather kill
Me, than to make me languish still
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height
Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright,
Yet there's a way found, if you please,
By sudden death to give me ease,
And thus devis'd, do thou but this—
Bequeath to me one parting kiss,
So sup'r abundant joy shall be
The executioner of me

104 TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lies
O'ercome or half betray'd by tiffanies,
Like to a twilight, or that simpering dawn
That rose how when misted o'er with lawn
Twilight is yet, till that her lawns give way,
Which done, that dawn turns then to perfect day.

Tiffanies, gauzes ⁴*Lawn*, fine linen

105 TO ELECTRA

MORE white than whitest lilies far,
 Or snow, or whitest swans you are
 More white than are the whitest creams,
 Or moonlight tinselling the streams
 More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh,
 Or Pelops' arm of ivory
 True, I confess, such whites as these
 May me delight, not fully please,
 Till like Ixion's cloud you be
 White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

106 A COUNTRY-LIFE TO HIS BROTHER,
 MR THO HERRICK

THRICE, and above, bless'd, my soul's half, art thou
 In thy both last and better vow
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The country's sweet simplicity
 And it to know and practise, with intent
 To grow the sooner innocent
 By studying to know virtue, and to aim
 More at her nature than her name.
 The last is but the least, the first doth tell
 Ways less to live than to live well
 And both are known to thee, who now can'st live
 Led by thy conscience, to give

Pelops' arm, which Jove gave him to replace the one
 eaten by Ceres at the feast of Tantalus
Ixion's cloud, to which Jove, for his deception, gave
 the form of Juno

Justice to soon-pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go
And keep one centre this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint
And canst instruct that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich
These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost
prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that heav'n gave thee with a wary hand,
More blessed in thy brass than land,
To keep cheap nature even and upright,
To cool, not cocker appetite
Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly, not the eye,
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat than needful diet
But that which most makes sweet thy country life
Is the fruition of a wife
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got not so beautiful as chaste
y whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night

Brass, money
Cocker, pamper
Neat, dainty

Nor has the darkness power to usher in
 Fear to those sheets that know no sin,
 But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a maidenhead
 The damask'd meadows and the pebbly streams
 Sweeten and make soft your dreams
 The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weav'd
 bowers,
 With fields enamelled with flowers,
 Present their shapes, while fantasy discloses
 Millions of lilies mix'd with roses
 Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a blear
 Woo'd to come suck the milky teat
 While Faunus in the vision comes to keep
 From rav'ning wolves the fleecy sheep
 With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound as sweet.
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear
 As not to rise when Chanticlere
 Warns the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
 To work, but first to sacrifice,
 Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,
 With holy-meal and spouting salt
 Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells
 us,
Love for our labour all things sells us.
 Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
 Attended with those desp'rate cares

Spouting-salt, the "saliente mica of Horace See
 Note

Th' industrious merchant has , who, for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again, tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty
But thou at home, bless'd with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas
And watery dangers , while thy whiter hap
But sees these things within thy map.
And viewing them with a more safe survey
Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,—
“ *A heart thrice wall'd with oak and brass that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean* ”
But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Can'st in thy map securely sail
Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
By those fine shades their substances
And, from thy compass taking small advice,
uy'st travel at the lowest price
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
And believe there be such things
When of these truths thy happier knowledge lies
More in thine ears than in thine eyes
And when thou hear'st by that too true report
Vice rules the most or all at court,
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere
But thou liv' - fearless , and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes or goes,
ut with thy equal thoughts prepared dost stand,
To take her by the either hand,

Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul or fair
A wise man ev'ry way lies square,
 And, like a surly oak with storms perplex'd,
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vex'd
 Be so, bold spirit, stand centre-like, unmov'd,
 And be not only thought, but prov'd
 To be what I report thee, and inure
 Thyself, if want comes to endure
 And so thou dost, for thy desires are
 Confin'd to live with private lar
 Not curious whether appetite be fed
 Or with the first or second bread,
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates
 Hunger makes coarse meats delicates
 Canst, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,
 Which art, not nature, makes so rare,
 To taste boil'd nettles, colworts, beets, and eat
 These and sour herbs as dainty meat,
 While soft opinion makes thy Genius say,
Content makes all ambrosia
 Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want as exercise
 To numb the sense of dearth, which should sin
 haste it,
 Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it
 Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
 Of singing crickets by the fire

Lar, the "closet-gods," or gods of the house
Colworts, cabbages

Size or assize, a fixed allowance of food, a ration

And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs
 Till that the green eyed kitling comes,
 Then to her cabin blest she can escape
 The sudden danger of a rape
 And thus thy little well kept stock doth prove
Wealth cannot make a life, but love
 Nor art thou so close-handed but canst spend,
 Counsel concurring with the end,
 As well as spare, still conning o'er this theme,
 To shun the first and last extreme
 Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
 Or to exceed thy tether's reach
 But to live round, and close, and wisely true
 To thine own self, and known to few.
 Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
 Elysium to thy wite and thee,
 There to disport yourselves with golden measure
For seldom use commends the pleasure
 Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair, let breath,
 But lost to one, be the other's death
 And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
 Be so one death, one grave to both
 Till when, in such assurance live ye may,
 Nor fear or wish your dying day

107 DIVINATION BY A DAFFODIL.

WHEN a daffodil I see,
 Hanging down his head towards me,
 Guess I may what I must be
 First, I shall decline my head,
 Secondly, I shall be dead,
 Lastly, safely buried

108 TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilful Lupo, now, and take
 Thy bice, thy umber, pink, and lake,
 And let it be thy pencil's strife,
 To paint a Bridgeman to the life:
 Draw him as like too, as you can,
 An old, poor, lying, flattering man
 His cheeks bepimpled, red and blue,
 His nose and lips of mulberry hue.
 Then, for an easy fancy, place
 A burling iron for his face
 Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
 And for to speak, if possible
 But do not so, for fear lest he
 Should by his breathing, poison thee.

III. A LYRIC TO MIRTH

WHILE the milder fates consent,
 Let's enjoy our merriment
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play,
 Kiss our dollies night and day
 Crowned with clusters of the vine,
 Let us sit, and quaff our wine
 Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
 Shake the thyrs, and bite the bays.

Bice, properly a brown grey, but by[¶] transference from "blue bice" and "green bice," used for blue and green

Burling iron, pincers for extracting knots

Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
 And return him drunk to bed
 Sing o'er Horace, for ere long
 Death will come and mar the song
 Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
 Never sing or play more here

112 TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND

WHEN my date's done, and my grey age must die,
 Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity
 Weak though it be, long may it grow and stand,
 Shored up by you, brave Earl of Westmoreland.

113 AGAINST LOVE

WHENE'ER my heart love's warmth but entertains,
 Oh frost! oh snow! oh hail! forbid the banes
 One drop now deads a spark, but if the same
 Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame
 Rather than love, let me be ever lost,
 Or let me 'gender with eternal frost

114 UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

As shows the air when with a rainbow grac'd,
 So smiles that ribb'd 'bout my Julia's waist
 Or like—nay 'tis that zonulet of love,
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove

Wilson, Dr. John Wilson, the singer and composer,
 one of the king's musicians (1594-1673)

Gotiere, Jacques Gaultier, a French lutist at the court
 of Charles I

115 THE FROZEN ZONE, OR, JULIA DISDAINFUL.

WHITHER? say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I fry?
To the treasures, shall I go,
Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow?
Shall I search the underground,
Where all damps and mists are found?
Shall I seek (for speedy ease)
All the floods and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternal cold does keep?
These may cool, but there's a zone
Colder yet than anyone
That's my Julia's breast, where dwells
Such destructive icicles,
As that the congelation will
Me sooner starve than those can kill,

116 AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

WITH blameless carriage, I lived here
To the almost seven and fortieth year.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three
One only daughter lent to me
The which was made a happy bride
But thrice three moons before she died.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one,

117 TO THE PATRON OF POETS, MND PORTER

LET there be patrons, patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter¹ poets ne'er will wanting be
Fabius and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou man of men! who here do'st give
Not only subject matter for our wit,
But likewise oil of maintenance to it
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay down
Our thyrse for sceptre, and our bays for crown
For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due
The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too

118 THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR SAPPHO'S SICKNESS

LILIES will languish, violets look ill,
Sickly the primrose, pale the daffodil,
That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
Like to a virgin newly ravished,
Pansies will weep, and marigolds will wither,
And keep a fast and funeral together,
Sappho droop, daisies will open never,
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever

119 LEANDER'S OBSEQUIES.

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd
No heart by Love receiv'd a wound,
But on a rock himself sat by,
There weeping sup'r abundantly
Sighs numberless he cast about,
And, all his tapers thus put out,
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sobbing deeply, thus he said

“ Ah, cruel sea,” and, looking on’t,
 Wept as he’d drown the Hellespont
 And sure his tongue had more express’d
 But that his tears forbade the rest

120 HOPE HEARTENS

NONE goes to warfare but with this intent—
 The gains must dead the fears of detriment

121 FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men ;
 A gentle disposition then
 Next, to be rich by no by-ways,
 Lastly, with friends t’enjoy our days

122 HIS PARTING FROM MRS DOROTHY KENNEDY.

WHEN I did go from thee I felt that smart
 Which bodies do when souls from them depart
 Thou did’st not mind it , though thou then might’st
 see
 Me turn’d to tears , yet did’st not weep for me
 ’Tis true, I kiss’d thee , but I could not hear
 Thee spend a sigh t’accompany my tear
 Methought ’twas strange that thou so hard should’st
 prove,
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose every part spake
 love
 Prithee, lest maids should censure thee, but say
 Thou shed’st one tear, whenas I went away ,
 And that will please me somewhat though I know,
 And Love will swear’t, my dearest did not so.

123 THE TEAR SENT TO HER FROM STAINES

GLIDE, gentle streams, and bear
Along with you my tear
 To that coy girl
 Who smiles, yet slays
 Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl

See ! see, she's yonder set,
Making a carcanet
 Of maiden-flowers !
 There, there present
 This orient
And pendant pearl of ours

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store ,
 And that is all
 Which I can send,
 Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once dry ,
 But I'll devise,
 Among the rest,
 A way that's best
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say—should she condemn
Me to surrender them—

Carcanet, necklace.

Then say my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poor, yet loving heart

Say too, she would have this ;
She shall then my hope is,
That when I'm poor
And nothing have
To send or save,
I'm sure she'll ask no more

124 UPON ONE LILY, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
CALLED ROSE

WHAT times of sweetness this fair day foreshows,
Whenas the Lily marries with the Rose !
What next is look'd for ? but we all should see
To spring from thee a sweet posterity

125 AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I died
That they would each primrose-tide
Duly, morn and evening, come,
And with flowers dress my tomb
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets

127 THE HOUR-GLASS ^

THAT hour-glass which there you see
With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,

The humour was as I have read,
But lovers' tears incrystalled
Which, as they drop by drop do pass
From th' upper to the under-glass,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
By many a watery syllable,
That lovers' tears in lifetime shed
Do restless run when they are dead

128 HIS FAREWELL TO SACK

FAREWELL thou thing, time past so known, so dear
To me as blood to life and spirit, near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride
The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead :
These and a thousand sweets could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me
O thou, the drink of gods and angels' wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust, whose purest shine
More radiant than the summer's sunbeams shows ,
Each way illustrious, brave, and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd portents
Foretell the coming of some dire events,

Humour, moisture
Shagg'd, rough-haired

Or some full flame which with a pride aspires,
 Throwing about his wild and active fires,
 'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul !
 Eternal in thyself, that can'st control
 That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
 Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair
 'Tis thou alone who, with thy mystic fan,
 Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can
 To rouse the sacred madness and awake
 The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
 Them frantic with thy raptures flashing through
 The soul like lightning, and as active too
 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee
 Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.
 Phœbe splendour ! and thou, Thespian spring !
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers and their holy lays,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays
 But why, why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration ?
 Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say
 To all thy witching beauties, Go, away
 But if thy whimpering looks do ask me why,
 Then know that nature bids thee go, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain

Mystic fan, the “*mystica vannus Iacchi*” of *Georgic*, 1
 166

Cedar, *ze*, cedar oil, used for the preservation of
 manuscripts

Uncapable of such a sovereign
As is thy powerful self Prithee not smile,
Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much show
thee
That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee
Let others drink thee freely, and desire
Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
And love thee, but not taste thee Let my muse
Fail of thy former helps, and only use
Her inadul'trate strength what's done by me
Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee

130 UPON MRS ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE
NAME OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET Amarillis by a spring's
Soft and soul melting murmurings
Slept, and thus sleeping, thither flew
A robin-redbreast, who, at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her;
But while he perking there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor robin flew away,
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirp'd for joy to see himself deceiv'd.

132 TO MYRRHA, HARD HEARTED

FOLD now thine arns and hang the head,
 Like to a lily withered,
 Next look thou like a sickly moon,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoon,
 Then weep and sigh and softly go,
 Like to a widow drown'd in woe,
 Or like a virgin full of ruth
 For the lost sweetheart of her youth,
 And all because, fair maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart,
 And of those evil days that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The gods are easy, and condemn
 All such as are not soft like them

133 THE EYE

MAKE me a heaven, and make me there
 Many a less and greater sphere
 Make me the straight and oblique lines,
 The motions, lations and the signs
 Make me a chariot and a sun,
 And let them through a zodiac run,
 Next place me zones and tropics there,
 With all the seasons of the year
 Make me a sunset and a night,
 And then present the morning's light
 Cloth'd in her chamlets of delight

Lations, astral attractions

Chamlets, *z e*, camlets; stuffs made from camels' hair

To these make clouds to pour down rain,
With weather foul, then fair again.
And when, wise artist, that thou hast
With all that can be this heaven grac't.
Ah! what is then this curious sky
But only my Corinna's eye?

134 UPON THE MUCH-LAMENTED MR J WARR

WHAT wisdom, learning, wit or worth
Youth or sweet nature could bring forth
Rests here with him who was the fame,
The volume of himself and name
If, reader, then, thou wilt draw near
And do an honour to thy tear,
Weep then for him for whom laments
Not one, but many monuments

136 THE SUSPICION UPON HIS OVER MUCH FAMILIARITY WITH A GENTLEWOMAN

AND must we part, because some say
Loud is our love, and loose our play,
And more than well becomes the day?
Alas for pity! and for us
Most innocent, and injured thus!
Had we kept close, or played within,
Suspicion now had been the sin,
And shame had followed long ere this,
T' have plagued what now unpunished is
But we, as fearless of the sun,

As faultless, will not wish undone
What now is done, since *where no sin
Unbolts the door, no shame comes in*
Then, comely and most fragrant maid,
Be you more wary than afraid
Of these reports, because you see
The fairest most suspected be
The common forms have no one eye
Or ear of burning jealousy
To follow them but chiefly where
Love makes the cheek and chin a sphere
To dance and play in, trust me, there
Suspicion questions every hair
Come, you are fair, and should be seen
While you are in your sprightly green
And what though you had been embraced
By me—were you for that unchaste?
No, no! no more than is yond' moon
Which, shining in her perfect noon,
In all that great and glorious light,
Continues cold as is the night
Then, beauteous maid, you may retire,
And as for me, my chaste desire
Shall move towards you, although I see
Your face no more So live you free
From fame's black lips, as you from me

137 SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE

SUSPICION, discontent, and strife
Come in for dowry with a wife

138 THE CURSE A SONG

Go, perjured man, and if thou e'er return
To see the small remainders in mine urn,
When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
And ask where's now the colour, form and trust
Of woman's beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the flowers which the virgins strewed
Know I have prayed to Fury that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind

139 THE WOUNDED CUPID SONG.

CUPID, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung,
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his mother, said thus, crying.
Help! oh help! your boy's a-dying.
And why, my pretty lad, said she?
Then, blubbering, replied he
A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee
At which she smiled, then, with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears
Alas! said she, my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come tell me then, how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!

140 TO DEWS A SONG

I BURN, I burn, and beg of you
 To quench or cool me with your dew.
 I fry in fire, and so consume,
 Although the pile be all perfume
 Alas! the heat and death's the same,
 Whether by choice or common flame,
 To be in oil of roses drowned,
 Or water, where's the comfort found?
 Both bring one death, and I die here
 Unless you cool me with a tear
 Alas! I call, but ah! I see
 Ye cool and comfort all but me

141 SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY

To conquered men, some comfort 'tis to fall
 By the hand of him who is the general

142 THE VISION

SITTING alone, as one forsook,
 Close by a silver-shedding brook,
 With hands held up to love, I wept,
 And after sorrows spent I slept
 Then in a vision I did see
 A glorious form appear to me
 A virgin's face she had, her dress
 Was like a sprightly Spartaness
 A silver bow, with green silk strung,
 Down from her comely shoulders hung
 And as she stood, the wanton air
 Dangled the ringlets of her hair

Her legs were such Diana shows
When, tucked up, she a hunting goes;
With buskins shortened to descry
The happy dawning of her thigh
Which when I saw, I made access
To kiss that tempting nakedness
But she forbade me with a wand
Of myrtle she had in her hand
And, chiding me, said Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coarse to love

143 LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong,
Pray love me little, so you love me long
Slowly goes far the mean is best desire,
Grown violent, does either die or tire

144 UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE

'TWAS but a single rose,
Till you on it did breathe,
But since, methinks, it shows
Not so much rose as wreath

145 UPON A WIFE THAT DIED MAD WITH JEALOUSY.

IN this little vault she lies,
Here, with all her jealousies:
Q 1et yet, but if ye make
Any noise they both will wake,
And such spirits raise 'twill then
Trouble death to lay again

146 UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S
IMPRISONMENT

NEVER was day so over-sick with showers
 But that it had some intermitting hours,
 Never was night so tedious but it knew
 The last watch out, and saw the dawning too,
 Never was dungeon so obscurely deep
 Wherein or light or day did never peep,
 Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
 But they left hope-seed to fill up again
 So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
 Your night, your prison, and your ebb, you may
 Spring up afresh, when all these mists are spent,
 And star-like, once more gild our firmament
 Let but that mighty Cæsar speak, and then
 All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave, as when
 That earthquake shook the house, and gave the stout
 Apostles way, unshackled, to go out
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see,
 Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me,
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy
 Well, though my grief by you was gall'd the more,
 Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore

147 DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

CYNTHIUS, pluck ye by the ear,
 That ye may good doctrine hear,
 Play not with the maiden-hair,
 For each ringlet there's a snare.

HESPERIDES

Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin—
These are traps to take fools in
Arms, and hands, and all parts else,
Are but toils, or manacles,
Set on purpose to enthrall
Men, but slothfuls most of all.
Live employed, and so live free
From these fetters, like to me,
Who have found, and still can prove,
The lazy man the most doth love

149 AN EPITHALAMY TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL AND HIS LADY.

I

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
Promis'd should come to crown yo youth.

Then, fair ones, do not wrong
Your joys by staying long,
Or let love's fire go out,
By lingering thus in doubt,
But learn that time once lost
Is 'er redeem'd by cost

Then away, come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride

II

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
ridal rites go on so slowly?

Dear, is it this you dread
The loss of maidenhead?

Believe me, you will most
Esteem it when 'tis lost,
Then it no longer keep,
Lest issue lie asleep
Then, away, come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride

III

These precious, pearly, purling tears
But spring from ceremonious fears
And 'tis but native shame
That hides the loving flame,
And may a while control
The soft and am'rous soul,
But yet love's fire will waste
Such bashfulness at last
Then, away, come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride

IV

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind
Yet not a maidenhead resign'd!
'Tis strange, ye will not fly
To love's sweet mystery
Might yon full moon the sweets
Have, promised to your sheets,
She soon would leave her sphere,
To be admitted there
Then, away, come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride

V

On, on devoutly, make no stay,
 While Domiduca leads the way,
 And Genius, who attends
 The bed for lucky ends
 With Juno goes the Hours
 And Graces strewing flowers
 And the boys with sweet tunes sing
 Hymen, O Hymen, bring
 Home the turtles, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride

VI

Behold! how Hymen's taper-light
 Shows you how much is spent of night
 See, see the bridegroom's torch
 Half wasted in the porch
 And now those tapers five,
 That show the womb shall thrive,
 Their silv'ry flames advance,
 To tell all prosp'rous chance
 Still shall crown the happy life
 Of the goodman and the wife

VII

Move forward then your rosy feet,
 And make whate'er they touch turn sweet.
 May all, like flowery meads,
 Smell where your soft foot treads,
 And everything assume

Domiduca, Juno, the goddess of marriage, the "home bringer"

To it the like perfume,
 As Zephyrus when he 'spires
 Through woodbine and sweetbriars
 Then, away, come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride

VIII

And now the yellow veil at last
 Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to express
 A bashful willingness
 Showing a heart consenting,
 As with a will repenting
 Then gently lead her on
 With wise suspicion,
 For that, matrons say, a measure
 Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX

You, you that be of her nearest kin,
 Now o'er the threshold force her in
 But to avert the worst
 Let her her fillets first
 Knit to the posts, this point
 Remembering, to anoint
 The sides, for 'tis a charm
 Strong against future harm,
 And the evil deads, the which
 There was hidden by the witch

X

O Venus! thou to whom is known
 The best way how to loose the zone

Of virgins, tell the maid
 She need not be afraid,
 And bid the youth apply
 Close kisses if she cry,
 And charge he not forbears
 Her though she woo with tears
 Tell them now they must adventure,
 Since that love and night bid enter

vI

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps,
 With direful notes to fight your sleeps,
 No furies here about
 To put the tapers out,
 Watch or did make the bed
 'Tis omen full of dread,
 But all fair signs appear
 Within the chamber here
 Juro here far off doth stand,
 Cooling sleep with charming wand

vII

Virgins, weep not, 'twill come when,
 As she, so you'll be ripe for men
 Then grieve her not with saying
 She must no more a-maying,
 Or by rosebuds divine
 Who'll be her valentine
 or name those wanton reaks
 You've had at barley-breaks,

Reaks, pranks *Barley-break*, a country game, see 101

But now kiss her and thus say,
"Take time, lady, while ye may"

xiii

Now bar the doors, the bridegroom puts
The eager boys to gather nuts
And now both love and time
To their full height do climb
Oh! give them active heat
And moisture both complete
Fit organs for increase,
To keep and to release
That which may the honour'd stem
Circle with a diadem

xiv

And now, behold! the bed or couch
That ne'er knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
Feels in itself a fire,
And, tickled with desire,
Pants with a downy breast,
As with a heart possest,
Shrugging as it did move
Ev'n with the soul of love
And, oh! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'twould say, ye bill too long.

xv

O enter then! but see ye shun
A sleep until the act be done
Let kisses in their close,
reathe as the damask rose,

Or sweet as is that gum
Doth from Panchaia come
Teach nature now to know
Lips can make cherries grow
Sooner than she ever yet
In her wisdom could beget

XVI

On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spheres
That good which heav'n can give
To make you bravely live
Fall like a spangling dew
By day and night on you
May fortune's lily-hand
Open at your command,
With all lucky birds to side
With the bridegroom and the bride

XVII

Let bounteous Fate[s] your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool
Let them not cut the thread
Of life until ye bid
May death yet come at last,
And not with desp'rate haste,
But when ye both can say
"Come, let us now away,"
Be ye to the barn then borne,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn

Panchaia, the land of spices *cf.* Virg. G. 11 139, Aen.

150 TEARS ARE TONGUES

WHEN Julia chid I stood as mute the while
 As is the fish or tongueless crocodile
 Air coin'd to words my Julia could not hear,
 But she could see each eye to stamp a tear,
 By which mine angry mistress might descry
 Tears are the noble language of the eye
 And when true love of words is destitute
 The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute

151 UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN

LET all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
 My num'rous issue, praise and pity me
 Praise me for having such a fruitful womb,
 Pity me, too, who found so soon a tomb

152 TO ELECTRA

I'LL come to thee in all those shapes
 As Jove did when he made his rapes,
 Only I'll not appear to thee
 As he did once to Semele
 Thunder and lightning I'll lay by,
 To talk with thee familiarly
 Which done, then quickly we'll undress
 To one and th' other's nakedness
 And, ravish'd, plunge into the bed,
 Bodies and souls commingled,
 And kissing, so as none may hear,
 We'll weary all the fables there.

Fables, &c., of Jove's amours

153 HIS WISH

It is sufficient if we pray
 To Jove, who gives and takes away.
 Let him the land and living find,
 Let me alone to fit the mind

154 HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA

Noonday and midnight shall at once be seen
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and green
 Fire and water shall together lie
 In one self sweet conspiring sympathy
 Summer and winter shall at one time show
 Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow
 Seas shall be sandless, fields devoid of grass,
 Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
 Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee

155 LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
 There I smell the phoenix nest
 If her lip, the most sincere
 Altar of incense I smell there—
 Hands, and thighs, and legs are all
 Richly aromatical
 Goddess Isis can't transfer
 Musks and ambers more from her.
 Nor can Juno sweeter be,
 When she lies with Jove, than she.

156 TO JULIA

PERMIT me, Julia, new to go away,
 Or by thy love decree me here to stay
 If thou wilt say that I shall live with thee,
 Here shall my endless tabernacle be
 If not, as banish'd, I will live alone
 There where no language ever yet was known

157 ON HIMSELF

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure
 A desperate grief, that finds no cure.
 Ah me! I try, and trying, prove
No herbs have power to cure love
 Only one sovereign salve I know,
 And that is death, the end of woe

158 VIRTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustain,
 His virtue still is sensible of pain
 Large shoulders though he has, and well can bear,
 He feels when packs do pinch him, and the where.

159 THE CRUEL MAID

AND cruel maid, because I see
 You scornful of my love and me,

I'll trouble you no more, but go
My way where you shall never know
What is become of me there I
Will find me out a path to die,
Or learn some way how to forget
You and your name for ever yet,
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will, in time, your fortune be
This to your coyness I will tell,
And, having spoke it once, farewell
The lily will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure,
The rose, the violet, one day,
See, both these lady-flowers decay
And you must fade as well as they
And it may chance that Love may turn,
And, like to mine, make your heart burn
And weep to see't, yet this thing do,
That my last vow commands to you
When you shall see that I am dead,
For pity let a tear be shed,
And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
Give my cold lips a kiss at last
If twice you kiss you need not fear
That I shall stir or live more here
Next, hollow out a tomb to cover
Me—me, the most despised lover,
And write thereon *This, reader, know.*
Love ki l'd this man No more, but so

160 TO DIANEME

SWELT, be not proud of those two eyes
 Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies ,
 Nor be you proud that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free ,
 Be you not proud of that rich hair
 Which wantons with the love sick air ,
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone

161 TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVIL.

To find that tree of life whose fruits did feed
 And leaves did heal all sick of human seed
 To find Bethesda and an angel there
 Stirring the waters, I am come , and here,
 At last, I find (after my much to do)
 The tree, Bethesda and the angel too
 And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
 Of all those suppling healing herbs and flowers
 To that soft charm, that spell, that magic bough,
 That high enchantment, I betake me now,
 And to that hand (the branch of heaven's fair tree),
 I kneel for help , O ! lay that hand on me,
 Adored Cæsar ! and my faith is such
 I shall be heal'd if that my king but touch
 The evil is not yours my sorrow sings,
 "Mine is the evil, but the cure the king's".

162 HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESS

WATER, water I espy,
Come and cool ye, all who fry
In your loves, but none as I

Though a thousand showers be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me

Happy you who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder mistresses

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion

Such an one as will repeat
Both the cause and mal e the heat
More by provocation great

Gentle friends, though I despair
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those girls which cruel are

164 TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM
HIS GRAY HAIRS

Am I despised because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am gray?
Know, lady, you have but your day
And time will come when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair,

And when (though long, it comes to pass)
 You question with your looking-glass,
 And in that sincere crystal seek,
 But find no rose bud in your cheek.
 Nor any bed to give the show
 Where such a rare carnation grew
 Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
 It will be told
 That you are old,
 By those true tears y'are weeping

165 TO CEDARS

IF 'mongst my many poems I can see
 One only worthy to be wash'd by thee,
 I live for ever, let the rest all lie
 In dens of darkness or condemn'd to die

166 UPON CUPID

LOVE like a gipsy lately came,
 And did me much importune
 To see my hand, that by the same
 He might foretell my fortune

He saw my palm, and then, said he,
 I tell thee by this score here,

Cedars, oil of cedar was used for preserving manuscripts (carmina linenda cedro *Hor Ars Poet*, 331)

That thou within few months shalt be
The youthful Prince d'Amour here

I smil'd, and bade him once more prove,
And by some cross-line show it,
That I could ne'er be prince of love,
Though here the princely poet

167 HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN

VIRGINS, time past, known were these,
Troubled with green-sicknesses
Turn'd to flowers, still the hue,
Sickly girls, they bear of you

168 TO JOS, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER

WHOM should I fear to write to if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd diocesan?
And never show blood guiltiness or fear
To see my lines excathedrated here
Since none so good are but you may condemn,
Or here so bad but you may pardon them
If then, my lord, to sanctify my muse
One only poem out of all you'll choose,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop'd it

Bloodguiltiness, guilt betrayed by blushing, cp 837
Excathedrated, condemned ex cathedra

169 UPON A BLACK TWIST ROUNDING THE ARM OF
THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

I SAW about her spotless wrist,
Of blackest silk, a curious twist,
Which, circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her arm as prisoner
Dark was the jail, but as if light
Had met t'engender with the night,
Or so as darkness made a stay
To show at once both night and day.
One fancy more ! but if there be
Such freedom in captivity,
I beg of Love that ever I
May in like chains of darkness l.e.

170 ON HIMSELF

I FEAR no earthly powers,
ut care for crowns of flowers ;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmear'd.
This day I'll drown all sorrow
Who knows to live to-morrow ?

172 A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA,

JULIA, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit,
To show by this
That our love is
(Or should be) like to it

Close though it be
The joint is free,
So, when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression

But it must play
Still either way,
And be, too, such a yoke
As not too wide
To overslide,
Or be so strait to choke

So we who bear
This beam must rear
Ourselves to such a height
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

173 TO THE DETRCTOR

WHERE others love and praise my verses, still
 Thy long black thumb nail marks them out for ill
 A felon take it, or some whitflaw come
 For to unslate or to untile that thumb!
 But cry thee mercy exercise thy nails
 To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not rails
 Some numbers prurient are, and some of these
 Are wanton with their itch, scratch, and 'twill please

174 UPON THE SAME

I ASK'D thee oft what poets thou hast read,
 And lik'st the best Still thou reply'st The dead
 I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be,
 Then sure thou'l like or thou wilt envy me

175 JULIA'S PETTICOAT

THY azure robe I did behold
 As airy as the leaves of gold,
 Which, erring here, and wandering there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'rywhere
 Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave
 But, having got it, thereupon
 'Twould make a brave expansion
 And pounc'd with stars it showed to me

Fellow, a sore, especially in the finger.

Whitflaw, or whitlow

Pounc'd, sprinkled

Like a celestial canopy
 Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame grown moderate
 Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling
 That some conceit did melt me down
 As lovers fall into a swoon
 And, all confus'd, I there did lie
 Drown'd in delights, but could not die
 That leading cloud I follow'd still,
 Hoping t' have seen of it my fill,
 But ah! I could not should it move
 To life eternal, I could love

176 TO MUSIC

BEGIN to charm, and, as thou strok'st mine ears
 With thy enchantment, melt me into tears
 Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre,
 And make my spirits frantic with the fire
 That done, sink down into a silvery strain,
 And make me smooth as balm and oil again

177 DISTRUST

To safeguard man from wrongs, there nothing must
 Be truer to him than a wise distrust
 And to thyself be best this sentence known
Hear all men speak, but credit few or none.

178 CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

GET up, get up for shane, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air
Get up, sweet slug-a bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since yet you not dress'd,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept,
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew locks of the night
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth Wash, dress, be brief in praying
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying

Beads, prayers

Come, my Corinna, come, and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green and trimm'd with trees see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch each porch, each door ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white thorn laden home
 Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
 And chose their pries, ere we can cast off sloth
 Many a green-gown has been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament,
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a Maying

*Left to dream, ceased dreaming
 Green-gown, tumble on the grass*

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun,
 And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

179. ON JULIA'S BREATH

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest,
 Nay more, I'll deeply swear,
 That all the spices of the east
 Are circumfused there

180 UPON A CHILD AN EPITAPH

BUT born, and like a short delight,
 I glided by my parents' sight
 That done, the harder fates denied
 My longer stay, and so I died
 If, pitying my sad parents' tears,
 You'll spill a tear or two with theirs,
 And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'll thank you for't Adieu
 Circumfused, spread around.

181 A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA
TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET EV
MR RO RAMSEY

Hor WHILE, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
Nor any was preferred 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck, than I
The Persian king lived not more happily.

Lyd While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect
Than Lydia, far famed Lydia,
I flourished more than Roman Ilia

Hor Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful i' th' harp and melody,
For whose affection, Lydia, I
(So fate spares her) am well content to die

Lyd My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes' son, young Calais,
For whose commutual flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

Hor Say our first loves we should revoke,
And, severed, join in brazen yoke;
Admit I Chloe put away,
And love again love-cast-off Lydia?

Lyd Though mine be brighter than the st
Thou lighter than the cork by far,
Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die

182. THE CAPTIV'D BEE, OR THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a-slimbering lay
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip,
But when he felt he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse
Sweet lady flower, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought,
ut, taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste
esides, know this I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing,
ut with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That that he took, and that was all
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag, but thus much know
When next he came a-pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive

185 AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON
HIS BROTHER'S DEATH

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
Herrick, as yet,
Nor doth this far drawn hemisphere
Frown and look sullen ev'rywhere
Days may conclude in nights, and suns may rest
As dead within the west,
Yet, the next morn, regild the fragrant east

Alas! for me, that I have lost
E'en all almost,
Sunk is my sight, set is my sun,
And all the loom of life undone
The staff, the elm, the prop, the sheltring wall
Whereon my vine did crawl,
Now, now blown down, needs must the old stock fall

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
In death I thrive
And like a phoenix re-aspire
From out my nard and fun'ral fire,
And as I prune my feathered youth, so I
Do mar'l how I could die
When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand
Which makes me stand
Now as I do, and but for thee
I must confess I could not be
The debt is paid, for he who doth resign
Thanks to the gen'rous vine
Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with wine.

Mar'l, marvel

186 TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
HFRICK

LIFE of my life, 'take not so soon thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade good-night
 Thou hast both wind and tide with thee, thy way
 As soon despatch'd is by the night as day
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
 Till we have wept, kissed, sigh'd, shook hands, or so
 There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell,
 When once true lovers take their last farewell
 What ! shall we two our endless leaves take here
 Without a sad look or a solemn tear ?
 He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved
 Pay we our vows and go , yet when we part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands , for I'll keep none
 To warm my breast when thou, my pulse, art gone
 No, here I'll last, and walk (a harmless shade)
 About this urn wherein thy dust is laid,
 To guard it so as nothing here shall be
 Heavy to hurt those sacred seeds of thee

187 THE OLIVE BRANCH

ADLY I walk'd within the field,
 To see what comfort it would yield ,
 And as I went my private way
 An olive branch before me lay,
 And seeing it I made a stay,

And took it up and view'd it , then
Kissing the omen, said Amen ,
Be, be it so, and let this be
A divination unto me ,
That in short time my woes shall cease
And Love shall crown my end with peace.

189 TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMS.

YE may simper, blush and smile,
And perfume the air awhile ,
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ,
Fruit, ye know, is coming on ,
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace ,
Whenas cherries come in place ?

190 HOW LILIES CAME WHITE

WHITE though ye be, yet, lilies, know ,
From the first ye were not so ,
But I'll tell ye
What befell ye
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud, while both did play ,
He with his pretty finger press'd
The ruby niplet of her breast ,
Out of which the cream of light .
Like to a dew ,
Fell down on you
And made ye white .

191 TO PANSIES

AH, cruel love ! must I endure
 Thy many scorns and find no cure ?
 Say, are thy medicines made to be
 Helps to all others but to me ?
 I'll leave thee and to pansies come,
 Comforts you'll afford me some ,
 You can ease my heart and do
 What love could ne'er be brought unto.

192 ON GILLY-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

WHAT was't that fell but now
 From that warm kiss of ours ?
 Look, look ! by love I vow
 They were two gilly-flowers.

Let's kiss and kiss again,
 For if so be our closes
 Make gilly-flowers, then
 I'm sure they'll fashion roses.

193 THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
 When virgins' hands have drawn
 O'er it a cobweb lawn ,
 And here you see this lily shows,
 Tomb'd in a crystal stone ,
 More fair in this transparent case
 Than when it grew alone
 And had but single grace

You see how cream but naked is
Nor dances in the eye
Without a strawberry,
Or some fine tincture like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto
More by that wantoning with it
Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit

You see how amber through the streams
More gently strokes the sight
With some conceal'd delight
Than when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air,
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth

Put purple grapes or cherries in-
To glass, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them from that clean and subtle skin
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all
But their own flesh and blood
And tinctures natural

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
Tincture, colour, dye.

Than if they should discover
 At full ^{the}ir proper excellence,
 Without some scene cast over
 To juggle with the sense

Thus let this crystal'd lily be
 A rule how far to teach
 Your nakedness must reach,
 And that no further than we see
 Those glaring colours laid
 By art's wise hand, but to this end
 They should obey a shade,
 Lest they too far extend

So though you're white as swan or snow,
 And have the power to move
 A world of men to love,
 Yet when your lawns and silks shall flow,
 And that white cloud divide
 Into a doubtful twilight, then,
 Then will your hidden pride
 Raise greater fires in men

194 TO HIS BOOK

LIKE to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
 With all thy richest jewels overcast,
 Say, if there be, 'mongst many gems here, one
 Deserveless of the name of paragon,
 Blush not at all for that, since we have set
 Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit

Scene, a covering

195 UPON SOME WOMEN

THOU who wilt not love, do this,
Learn of me what woman is
Something made of thread and thrum,
A mere botch of all and some.
Pieces, patches, ropes of hair,
Inlaid garbage everywhere
Outside silk and outside lawn,
Scenes to cheat us neatly drawn
False in legs, and false in thighs,
False in breast, teeth, hair, and eyes,
False in head, and false enough,
Only true in shreds and stuff

196 SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST

WHILE leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest ox the first must bleed

197 THE WELCOME TO SACK

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorcement by the isles,
When love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
Their crystal natures to a union
So meet stolen kisses, when the moony nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wish'd delights,

Thrum, a small thread
All and some, anything and everything

So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces
 All thoughts but such as aim at getting princes,
 As I meet thee Soul of my life and fame!
 Eternal lamp of love ! whose radiant flame
 Out-glares the heaven's Osiris,* and thy gleams
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.
 Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse ,
 Welcome as are the ends unto my vows ,
 Aye ! far more welcome than the happy soil
 The sea-scoured merchant, after all his toil,
 Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
 The smoky chimneys of his Ithaca
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces
 Poor pitted exile ? Tell me, did thy graces
 Fly discontented hence, and for a time
 Did rather choose to bless another clime ?
 Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?
 Why frowns my sweet ? Why won't my saint confer
 Favours on me, her fierce idolater ?
 Why are those looks, those looks the which have
 been
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
 Like a dull twilight ? Tell me, and the fault
 I'll expiate with sulphur, hair and salt ,
 And, with the crystal humour of the spring,
 Purge hence the guilt and kill this quarrelling.

*C. ^{princes} overcomes
 The s (Note in the original edition)
 Ithaca, the home of the wanderer Ulysses.*

Wo't thou not smile or tell me what's amiss?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remiss.
 Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire
 To thee-ward died i' th' embers, and no fire
 Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap as a mark
 To testify the glowing of a spark?
 Have I divorc'd thee only to combine
 In hot adul'try with another wife?
 True, I confess I left thee, and appeal
 'Twas done by me more to confirm my zeal
 And double my affection on thee, as do those
 Whose love grows more inflam'd by being foes
 But to forsake thee ever, could there be
 A thought of such-like possibility?
 When thou thyself dar'st say thy isles shall lack
 Grapes before Herrick leaves canary sack,
 Thou mak'st me airy, active to be borne,
 Like Iphiclus, upon the tops of corn
 Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged hours,
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
 And ride the sunbeams Can there be a thin
 Under the heavenly Isis* that can bring
 More love unto my life, or can present
 My genius with a fuller blandishment?
 Illustrious idol! could th' Egyptians seek
 Help from the garlic, onion and the leek
 And pay no vows to thee, who wast their best
 God, and far more transcendent than the rest?

Iphiclus won the foot-race at the funeral games of
 Pelias

* The moon (Note in the original edition.)

Had Cassius, that weak water drinker, know' i
 Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
 Small chalice of thy frantic liquoi, he,
 As the wise Cato, had approv'd of thee
 Had not Jove's son, * that brave Tirynthian swain,
 Invited to the Thesbian banquet, ta'en
 Full goblets of thy gen'ious blood, his sprite
 Ne'er had kept heat for fifty maids that night
 Come, come and kiss me , love and lust commends
 Thee and thy beauties , kiss, we will be friends
 Too strong for fate to break us Look upon
 Me with that full pride of complexion
 As queens meet queens, or come thou unto me
 As Cleopatra came to Anthony,
 When her high carriage did at once present
 To the triumvir love and wonderment
 Swell up my nerves with spirit , let my blood
 Run through my veins like to a hasty flood
 Fill each part full of fire, active to do
 What thy commanding soul shall put it to ,
 And till I turn apostate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
 Thy fires from me, but Apollo's curse
 Bl t these-like actions, or a thing that's worse
 When these circumstantz shall but live to see
 The time that I prevaricate from thee
 Call me the son of beer, and then confine
 e to the tap, the toast, the turf, let wine

Hercules (Note in the original edition)
Circumstantz, surroundings

Ne'er shine upon me, may my numbers all
 Run to a sudden death and funeral
 And last, when thee, dear spouse, I disavow,
 Ne'er may prophetic Daphne crown my brow

198 IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

My faithful friend, if you can see
 The fruit to grow up, or the tree,
 If you can see the colour come
 Into the blushing pear or plum,
 If you can see the water grow
 To cakes of ice or flakes of snow;
 If you can see that drop of rain
 Lost in the wild sea once again,
 If you can see how dreams do creep
 Into the brain by easy sleep
 Then there is hope that you may see
 Her love me once who now hates me

201 TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD
VERSES

Now is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek or tongue be dumb,
 For, with the flowery earth,
 The golden pomp is come

The golden pomp is come,
 For now each tree does wear,
 ade of her pap and gum,
 Rich beads of ber here

Now reigns the rose, and now
 Th' Arabian dew besmears
 My uncontrolled brow
 And my retorted hairs

Homer, this health to thee,
 In sack of such a kind
 That it would make thee see
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind

Next, Virgil I'll call forth
 To pledge this second health
 In wine, whose each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid, and suppose,
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all one nose

Then this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat
 O Bacchus, cool thy rays !
 Or, frantic, I shall eat
 Thy thyrse and bite the bays.

Retorted, bo d back, "retorto crine," *Martial*
Immensive, measureless

Round, round the roof does run,
And, being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius

Now, to Tibullus, next,
This flood I drink to thee .
But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn

Trust to good verses then ,
They only will aspire
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd

202 FAIR DAYS OR, DAWNS DECEITFUL

FAIR was the dawn, and but e'en now the skies
Show'd like to cream inspir'd with strawberries,
But on a sudden all was chang'd and gone
That smil'd in that first sweet complexion
Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
To tear the world, or set it all on fire
What trust to things below, when we see,
As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy ?

203 LIPS TONGUELESS

FOR^my part, I^ never care
For those lips that tongue tied are
Tell-tales I would have them be
Of my mistress and of me
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze and sometimes fry :
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore or backward in her love
Let them speak by gentle tones,
One and th' other's passions
How we watch, and seldom sleep ,
How by willows we do weep ,
How by stealth we meet, and then
Kiss, and sigh, so part again
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, not publish it

204 TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA

THOU^ST dar'd too far , but, fury, now forbear
To give the least disturbance to her hair
ut less presume to lay a plait upon
Her skin's most smooth and clear expansion
'Tis like a lawny firmament as yet,
Quite dispossess'd of either fray or fiet
Come thou not near that film so finely spread,
Where no one piece is yet unlevelled ^
This if thou dost, woe to thee, fury, woe,
I'll send such frost, such hail, such sleet, and snow,

Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such fears as shall
Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all
And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be
More shak'd thyself than she is scorch'd by thee

205. TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids-of-honour !
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair,
Yet you are
More sweet than any

You're the maiden posies,
And so grac'd
To be plac'd
'Fore damask roses

Yet, though thus respected,
By and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

207 TO CARNATIONS A SONG

STAY while ye will, or go
 And leave no scent behind ye
 Yet, trust me, I shall know
 The place where I may find ye
 Within my Lucia's cheek,
 Whose livery ye wear,
 Play ye at hide or seek,
 I'm sure to find ye there

208 TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may go marry
 For having lost but once your prime
 You may for ever tarry.

209 SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONESELF.

FOR my neighbour I'll not know,
Whether high he builds or no
Only this I'll look upon,
Firm be my foundation
Sound or unsound, let it be!
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me
He who to the ground does fall
Has not whence to sink at all

210 TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNABLE TIMES

PLAY I could once, but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the willow tree
Sing I could once, and bravely, too, inspire
With luscious numbers my melodious lyre
Draw I could once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
Whither I would, but ah! I know not how,
I feel in me this transmutation now
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue

211 HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.

ONLY a little more
• I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night

'Tis but a flying minute
 That I must stay,
 Or linger in it,
 And then I must away

O time that cut'st down all
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memorial
 Of any men that were

How many lie forgot
 In vaults beneath ?
 And piecemeal rot
 Without a fame in death ?

Behold this living stone
 I rear for me,
 Ne'er to be thro
 Down, envious Time, by thee

Pillars let some set up
 If so they please
 Here is my hope
 And my Pyramids

212 SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

WHAT though the sea be calm ? Trust to the shore,
 Ships have been drown'd where late they danc'd
 before

213 A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE
 CHARLES PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY
 MR NIC LANIERE

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas and Amarillis

Amin Good day, Mirtillo *Mirt* And to you no less,

And all fair signs lead on our shepherdess

Amar With all white luck to you *Mirt* But say, what news

Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin* None, save that my ewes,

My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,

Smooth, fair and fat! none better I can tell

Or that this day Menalcas keeps a feast

For his sheep shearers *Mirt* True, these are the least,

But, dear Amintas and sweet Amarillis,

Rest but a while here, by this bank of lilies,

And lend a gentle ear to one report

The country has *Amin* From whence? *Amar*

From whence? *Mirt* The Court

Three days before the shutting in of May

(With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day!)

To all our joy a sweet-fac'd child was born,

More tender than the childhood of the morn

Chor Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep

Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep!

White, favourable.

Mirt And that his birth should be more singular
 At noon of day was seen a silver star,
 Bright as the wise men's torch which guided them
 To God's sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem,
 While golden angels (some have told to me)
 Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy

Amin O rare! But is't a trespass if we three
 Should wend along his babyship to see?

Mirt Not so, not so

Chor Yet if it chance to prove
 At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love

Amar But, dear Mirtillo, I have heard it told
 Those learned men brought incense, myrrh and gold
 From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
 And laid them down for offerings at his feet

Mirt 'Tis true, indeed, and each of us will bring
 Unto our smiling and our blooming king
 A neat, though not so great an offering

Amar A garland for my gift shall be
 Of flowers ne'er suck'd by th' thieving bee,
 And all most sweet, yet all less sweet than he

Amint And I will bear, along with you,
 Leaves dropping down the honeyed dew,
 With oaten pipes as sweet as new

Mirt And I a sheep-hook will bestow,
 To have his little kingship know,
 As he is prince, he's shepherd too

Chor Come, let's away, and quickly let's be dress'd,
 And quickly give—*the swiftest grace is best*
 And when before him we have laid our treasures,
 We'll bless the babe, then back to country pleasures

214 TO THE LARK

Good speed, for I this da,
Betunes my matins say
Because I do
Begin to woo,
Sweet singing lark,
Be thou the clerl,
And know thy when
To say, Amen
And if I prove
Bless'd in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my return,
To incense burn;
And so to solemnise
Love's and my sacrifice

215 THE BUBBLE A SONG

To my revenge and to her desperate fears
Fly, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears
In the wild air when thou hast rolled about,
And, like a blasting planet, found her out,
Stoop, mount, pass by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadful comet in the air
Next, whe thou dost peceive her fixed sight
For thy revenge to be most opposite,
Then, like a globe or ball of wild-fire, fly,
And break thyself in shivers on her eye

216 A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

You are a tulip seen to-day,
 But, dearest, of so short a stay
 That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
 Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
 Will force you hence, d in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
 Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
 Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
 And can with tendrils love entwine,
 Yet dried ere you distil your wine

You are like balm enclosed well
 In amber, or some crystal shell,
 Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell

You are a dainty violet,
 Yet wither'd ere you can be set
 Within the virgin's coronet

You are the queen all flowers among,
 But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
 As he, the maker of this song

217 THE BLEEDING HAND, OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine
 Take this sprig of eglantine,

Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love

218 LYRIC FOR LEGACIES

GOLD I've none, for use or show,
Neither silver to bestow
At my death, but this much know,
That each lyric here shall be
Of my love a legacy,
Left to all posterity
Gentle friends, then do but please
To accept such coins as these
As my last remembrances

219 A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART

HENCE, hence, profane! soft silence let us have
While we this trental sing about thy grave

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,
They would have showed civility,
And, in compassion of thy years,
Washed those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since thou'ret slain, and in thy fall
The drooping kingdom suffers all,

Trental, a dirge, but see Note.

Chor This we will do, we'll daily come
 And offer tears upon thy tomb
 And if that they will not suffice,
 Thou shalt have souls for sacrifice
 Sleep in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,
 And cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee

Live, live thou dost, and shalt, for why ?
Souls do not with their bodies die
 Ignoble offsprings, they may fall
 Into the flames of funeral
 Whenas the chosen seed shall spring
 Fresh, and for ever flourishing

Chor And times to come shall, weeping, read thy
 glory
 Less in these marble stones than in thy
 story

220 TO PERENNA, A MISTRESS.

, DEAR Perenna, prithee come
 And with smallage dress my tomb
 Add a cypress sprig thereto,
 With a tear, and so Adieu.

Cedar, oil of cedar
Smallage, water-parsley.

223 THE FAIRY TEMPLE, OR, OBERON'S CHAPEL
DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD, COUN-
SELLOR-AT-LAW

RARE temples thou hast seen, I know,
And rich for in and outward show
Survey this chapel, built alone,
Without or lime, or wood, or stone
Then say if one thou'st seen more fine
Than this, the fairies' once, now thine

THE TEMPLE

A way encased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcyon's curious nest
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry,
Where he of godheads has such store,
As Rome's pantheon had not more
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black th jet,
His idol-cricket there is set
Then in a polished oval by
There st ds his idol-beetle-fly:
Next i an arch, akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is :

Halcyon, king-fisher

Then in a round is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides
So that, where'er ye look, ye see,
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery
Now this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mixed religion
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pag , part papistical
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I could not speak the saints here painted
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mab's-state placed here right is ,
Saint Will o' th' Wisp, of no great bigness,
But alias called here *Fatuus ignis* ,
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Fillie
Neither those other saintships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite,
Which one by one here set down
In this most curious calendar,
First, at the entrance of the gate
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there
“*Favour your tongues who enter here ,
Pure hands bring hither without stain* ”
A second pules “*Hence, hence, profane !*
Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,

Saint Tit, etc , see Note
Mab's-state, Mab's chair of state.

The holy-water there is put
 A little brush of squirrel's hairs
 (Composed of odd, not even pairs,)
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairy family
 Near to the altar stands the priest,
 There off'ring up the Holy Grist,
 Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
 With (much-good-do-'t him) reverence
 The altar is not here four-square,
 Nor in a form triangular,
 Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transverse bone,
 Which boys and bruckel'd children call
 (Playing for points and pins) cockal
 Whose linen drapery is a thin
 Subtile and ductile codlin's skin
 Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
 With little seal-work damasked
 The fringe that circumbinds it too
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand
 Something for show-bread, and at hand,
 Just in the middle of the altar,

Bruckel' , begrimed

Cockal, a game played with four huckle-bones

Codlin, an apple

Fetuous,feat, neat

Upon an end, the fairy-psalter,
Grac'd with the trout-flies' curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribbonings
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubric which they read
And, if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do,
Aye, and their book of canons too
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles,
And, if that fairy-knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies,
And other scriptures that design
A short but righteous discipline
The basin stands the board upon
To take the free oblation
A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatch'd with the silver-light of snails,
The elves in formal manner fix
Two pure and holy, candlesticks
In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament
For sanctity they have to these

Watchet, pale blue
Hatch'd, inlaid
Bent, bent grass

Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb hanging by
In their religious vestry
They have their ash-pans and their brooms
To purge the chapel and the rooms,
Their many mumbling Mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister,
Their ush'ring vergers, here likewise
Their canons and their chanteries
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Aye, and their abbey-lubbers too,
And, if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the papacy.
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elf Boniface shall next be pope
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks,
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little,
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease and bones,
Beside their fumigations
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar (of work an odd piece)
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man would think it
Next, then, upon the chanters' side
An apple's core is hung up dri'd,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song

Nits, nuts

The saint to which the most he prays
 And offers incense nights and days,
 The lady of the lobster is,
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
 And humbly chives of saffron brings
 For his most cheerful offerings
 When, after these, he's paid his vows
 He lowly to the altar bows,
 And then he dons the silk-worm's shed,
 Like a Turk's turban on his head,
 And reverently departeth thence,
 Hid in a cloud of frankincense,
 And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
 Goes to the feast that's now provided

224 TO MISTRESS KATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE
 LOVELY, THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL

My muse in meads has spent her many hours,
 Sitting, and sorting several sorts of flowers
 To make for others garlands, and to set
 On many a head here many a coronet,
 ut, amongst all encircled here, not one
 Gave her a day of coronation,
 Till you, sweet mistress, came and interwove
 A laurel for her, ever young as love—
 You first of all crown'd her she must of due
 Render for that a crown of life to you

The lady of the lobster, part of the lobster's apparatus
 for digestion.

Foot-pace, a mat

Chives, shreds.

225. THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE

If, after rude and boisterous seas,
 My wearied pinnace here finds ease,
 If so it be I've gained the shore
 With safety of a faithful oar,
 If, having run my barque on ground,
 Ye see the aged vessel crown'd
 What's to be done, but on the s^hds
 Ye dance and sing and now clap hands?
 The first act's doubtful, but we say
 It is the last commends the play

226 TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS MISTRESS POT, WHO
 MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM

WHEN I through all my many poems look,
 And see yourself to beautify my book,
 Methinks that only lustre doth appear
 A light fulfilling all the region here
 Gild still with flames this firmament, and be
 A lamp eternal to my poetry
 Which, if it now or shall hereafter shine,
 'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
 The oil was yours, and that I owe for yet
He pays the half who does confess the debt

227. TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers,
 That, being ravished, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers

Ease my sick head
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven

228 UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE

So long you did not sing or touch your lute,
We knew 'twas flesh and blood that there sat mute
But when your playing and your voice came in,
'Twas no more you then, but a cherubin

229 UPON CUPID

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found,
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest

230 UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia—there let me
Behold that circummortal purity,
Between whose glories there my lips I'll lay,
Ravish'd in that fair *via lactea*

231 BEST TO BE MERRY

Fools are they who never know
How the times away do go,
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be,
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratify the Genius

Circummortal, more than mortal.

232 THE CHANGES TO CORINNA

Be not proud, but now incline
 Your soft ear to discipline
 You have changes in your life—
 Sometimes peace and sometimes strife,
 You have ebbs of face and flows,
 As your health or comes or goes,
 You have hopes, and doubts, and fears
 Numberless, as are your hairs
 You have pulses that do beat
 High, and passions less of heat
 You are young, but must be old,
 And, to these, ye must be told
 Time ere long will come and plough
 Loathed furrows in your brow
 And the dimness of your eye
 Will no other thing imply
 But you must die
 As well as I

234 NEGLECT

*Art quickens nature, care will make a face;
 Neglected beauty perisheth apace*

235 UPON HIMSELF

MOP EYED I am, as some have said,
 Because I've lived so long a maid
 But grant that I should wedded be,

Mop eyed, shortsighted

Should I a jot the better see?
No, I should think that marriage might,
Rather than mend, put out the light.

235 UPON A PHYSICIAN.

THOU cam'st to cure me, doctor, of my cold,
And caught'st thyself the more by twenty fold
Prithee go home, and for thy credit be
First cured thyself, then come and cure me

238 TO THE ROSE A SONG.

Go, happy rose, and interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go
And tell her this, but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

240 TO HIS BOOK

THOU art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But like a laurel to grow green for ever

241 UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN

MEN say y're fair, and fair ye are, 'tis true,
But, hark! we praise the painter now, not you

243 DRAW-GLOVES

AT draw-gloves we'll play,
And prithee let's lay
A wager, and let it be this
Who first to the sum
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss

244. TO MUSIC, TO BECALM A SWEET-SICK YOUTH

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her
sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here
Bind up his senses with your numbers so
As to entrance his pain, or cure his woe
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep
That done, then let him, dispossessed of pain,
Like to a slumb'ring bride, awake again

Draw-gloves, a game of talking by the fingers

245 TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE GEORGE, DUKE,
MARQUIS, AND EARL OF BUCKINGHAM

NEVER my book's perfection did appear
Till I had got the name of Villars here
Now 'tis so full that when therein I lool
I see a cloud of glory fills my book
Here stand it still to dignify our Muse,
Your sober handmaid, who doth wisely choose
Your name to be a laureate wreath to her
Who doth both love and fear you, honoured sir

246 HIS RECANTATION.

LOVE, I recant,
And pardon crave
That lately I offended ;
But 'twas,
Alas !
To make a brave,
But no disdain intended

No more I'll vaunt,
For now I see
Thou only hast the power
To find
And bind
A heart that's free,
And slave it in an hour

247 THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So good luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night.
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are by the sunbeams tickled by degrees

248 THE PRESENT, OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

FLY to my mistress, pretty pilfering bee,
And say thou bring'st this honey bag from me
When on her lip thou hast thy sweet dew placed,
Mark if her tongue but slyly steal a taste
If so, we live, if not, with mournful hum
Toll forth my death, next, to my burial come.

249 ON LOVE

Love bade me ask a gift,
And I no more did move
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes my love.
That favour granted was,
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to pass
That long I love not any.

250 THE HOCK-CART OR HARVEST HOME TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDHAM, EARL OF WEST-
MORELAND

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art
See here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure it is sweet
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves
Some cross the fill horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,

Maukin a cloth *Fill-horse*, shaft-horse

Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef
With upper stories, mutton, veal
And bacon (which makes full the meal),
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer,
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fans, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats
To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe
Feed, and grow fat, and as ye eat
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you,
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain
But for to make it spring again

Frumenty, wheat boiled in milk
Fats, vats

251 THE PERFUME

To-MORROW, Julia, I betimes must rise,
For some small fault to offer sacrifice
The altar's ready fire to consume
The fat, breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

252 UPON HER VOICE

LET but thy voice engender with the string,
And angels will be born while thou dost sing

253 NOT TO LOVE.

He that will not love must be
My scholar, and learn this of me
There be in love as many fears
As the summer's corn has ears
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
Than the sand that makes the shore.
Freezing cold and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons and deadly sweats,
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever
Would'st thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please,
How cross, how sullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the moon
How false~~s~~ how hollow she's in heart
And how she is her own least part
How high she's priz'd, and worth but small,
Little thou'l love, or not at all

254 TO MUSIC A SONG

Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
 That strik'st a stillness into hell
 Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
 With thy soul melting lullabies,
 Fall down, down, down from those thy chiming
 spheres,
 To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears

255 TO THE WESTERN WIND

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
 Made rival with the air,
 To give Perenna's lip a kiss,
 And fan her wanton hair

Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
 Instead of common showers,
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
 And all beset with flowers

256 UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW
 AN ELEGY.

WHY do not all fresh maids appear
 To work love's sampler only here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the year
 Are not here rosebuds, pinks, all flowers
 Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
 Met in one hearse-cloth to o'erspread
 The body of the under-dead?

Phil, the late dead, the late dead de
 O' may no eye distil a tear
 For you once lost, who weep not here !
 Had Lesbia, too-too kind, but known
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :
 And for this dead which under lies
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes
 ut, endless peace, sit here and keep
 My Phil the time he has to sleep ,
 And thousand virgins come and weep
 To make these flowery carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doom
 Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb

257 TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DE

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
 Alas ! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 reath of a blasting wind,

Phil, otherwise Philip or Phip, w a pet name for a
 sp ow

Virgil's gnat, the *Culex* attributed to Virgil.

Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warp'd as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue
 Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep,
 Is it for want of sleep ?
 Or childish lullaby ?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet ?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this ?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed
 Would have this lecture read
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth

258 HOW ROSES CAME RED

Roses at first were white,
 Till they could not agree,
 Whether my Sappho's breast
 Or they more white should be
 But, being vanquish'd quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespread;
 Since which, believe the rest,
 The roses first came red

259 COMFORT TO A LADY, UPON THE DEATH OF
HER HUSBAND

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's
rain,
Since, clouds dispers'd, suns gild the air again
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and overboil,
But turn soon after calm as balm or oil
Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease
The leafy trees nod in a still born peace
Your storm is over, lady, now appear
Like to the peeping springtime of the year
Off then with grave clothes, put fresh colours on,
And flow and flame in your vermillion.
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile,
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile

260 HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue

262 TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distres't,
And left of love, are crown'd

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn
Then willow-garlands 'bout the head
edew'd with tears are worn

When with neglect, the lovers' bane,
Poor maids rewarded be,
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love sick maid
Come to weep out the night

263 MRS ELIZ WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
THE LOST SHEPHERDESS

AMONG the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love d y sighs thus intertalk'd.
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In everything that's sweet she is

In yond' carnation go and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.
 In that enamell'd pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye:
 In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts a union
 But on a sudden all were gone
 At which I stopp'd, said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee,
 For, as these flowers, thy joys must die,
 And in the turning of an eye
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets, ere knit together

264 TO THE KING.

If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear,
 And that Apollo shall so touch your e
 As for to make this, that, or any one,
 Number your own, by free adoption,
 That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
 The heir to this *great realm of poetry*.

265 TO THE QUEEN

Goddess of youth, and lady of the spring,
Most fit to be the consort to a king,
Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove
Beset with myrtles, whose each leaf drops love.

Many a sweet-fac'd wood-nymph here is seen,
 Of which chaste order you are now the queen
 Witness their homage when they come and strew
 Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns to
 you

Your leafy throne, with lily-work possess,
 And be both princess here and poetess

266 THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
 MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
 THE DUKE OF YORK.

MAY his pretty dukeship grow
 Like t'a rose of Jericho
 Sweeter far than ever yet
 Showers or sunshines could beget
 May the Graces and the Hours
 Strew his hopes and him with flowers
 And so dress him up with love
 As to be the chick of Jove
 May the thrice three sisters sing
 Him the sovereign of their spring
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Helicon but he
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce and meads:
 And those meadows full be set
 With the rose and violet
 May his ample name be known
 To the last succession
 And his actions high be told
 Through the world, but writ in gold

267 TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The ery eyes of me
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee

268 PREVISION OR PROVISION

*That prouise takes soon enough the victor's room
Who first provides not to be overcome*

269 OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS

*The gods to kings the judgment give to sway ·
The subjects only glory to obey*

270 MORE POTENT, LESS PECCANT

*He that may sin, sins least leave to transgress
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickedness*

271 UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY SHE W
MARRIED

THAT morn which saw me made a bride,
The evening witness'd that I died
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers for to burn
And light my relics to their urn
This epitaph, which here you see,
Supplied the epithalamy

274 TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their ho s.

You have beheld how they
 With wicker arks did come
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home

Y'ave heard them sweetly sin
 And seen them in a round
 Each virgin like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crown'd

But now we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevell'd hair
 Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
 Your stock and needy gro
 Y'are left here to lament
 Your poor estates, alone

275 CROSSES

THOUGH goods things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events

276 MISERIES.

THOUGH hourly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-proof from misery

Round, a rustic d ce

278 TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS

Rise, household gods, and let us go.
 But whither I myself not know
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas,
 Next, with severest savages,
 Last, let us make our best abode
 Where human foot as yet ne'er trod
 Search worlds of ice, and rather there
 Dwell than in loathed Devonshire

279 TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,
 Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel
 And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
 Thou sexton, redbreast, for to cover me

280 TO THE YEW AND CYPRESS TO GRACE HIS FUNERAL

BOTH you two have
 Relation to the grave
 And where
 The funeral-trump sounds, you are there,
 I shall be made,
 Ere long, a fleeting shade
 Pray, come
 And do some honour to my tomb.
 Do not deny
 My last request, for I
 Will be
 Thankful to you, or friends, for me

281 I CALL AND I CALL.

I CALL, I call who do ye call ?
 The maids to catch this cowslip ball.
 But since these cowslips fading be,
 Troth, leave the flowers, and, maids, take me.
 Yet, if that neither you will do,
 Speak but the word and I'll take you.

282 ON A PERFUMED LADY

You say you're sweet, how should we know
 Whether that you be sweet or no ?
 From powders and perfumes keep free,
 Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

283 A NUPTIAL SONG OR EPITHALAMY ON SIR
 CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY

WHAT's that we see from far ? the spring of day
 Bloom'd from the east, or fair enjewell'd May
 Blown out of April, or some new
 Star filled with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,
 To add a nobler planet to the seven ?
 Say, or do we not descry
 Some goddess in a cloud of tiffany
 To move, or rather the
 Emergent Venus from the sea ?

Tiffany, gauze

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more divine
 Enlightened substance, mark how from the shrine
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermillion
 And amber spic-
 ing the chaff air with fumes of Paradise
 Then come on, come on and yield
 A savour like unto a blessed field
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn

See where she comes, and smell how all the street
 Breathes vineyards and pomegranates O how sweet !
 As a fir'd altar is each stone,
 Perspiring pounded cinnamon
 The phoenix' nest,
 uilt up of odours, burneth in her breast.
 Who, therein, would not consume
 His soul to ash heaps in that rich perfume ?
 Bestroking fate the while
 e burns to embers on the pile

ymen, O Hymen ! tread the sacred ground ,
 Show thy white feet and head with marjora
 crown'd
 ount up thy flames and let thy torch
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,
 In his desires
 ore towering, more disparkling than thy fires .

More disparkling, more widespread.

Show her how his eyes do turn
 And roll about, and in their motions buⁿn
 Their balls to cinders hastē
 Or else to ashes he will waste

Glide by the banks of virgins, then, and pass
 The showers of roses, lucky four-leav'd grass.
 The while the cloud of younglings sing
 And drown ye with a flowery spring,
 While some repeat

Your praise and bless you, sprinkling you with
 wheat,

While that others do divine,
Bless'd is the bride on whom the sun doth shine,
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply as doth a fish

And, beauteous bride, we do confess y'are wise
 In dealing forth these bashful jealousies
 In love's name do so, and a price
 Set on yourself by being nice
 But yet take heed,

What now you seem be not the same indeed,
 And turn apostate love will,
 Part of the way be met or sit stone still
 On, then, and though you slow-
 ly go, yet, howsoever, go

And now y'are entered, see the coddled cook
 Runs from ~~his~~ torrid zone to pry and look

Nice, fastidious
Coddled, lit. boiled

And b'ess his dainty mistress see
 The*aged point out, "This is she
 Who now must sway
 The nouse (Jove shield her) with her yea and nay"
 And the smirk butler thinks it
 Sin in's napery not to express his wit,
 Each striving to devise
 Some gin wherewith to catch your eyes

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write
 This the short'st day, and this the longest night,
 But yet too short for you 'tis we
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone,
 Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one
 Quickly, quickly then prepare,
 And let the young men and the bride-maids share
 Your garters, and their joints
 Encircle with the bridegroom's points

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye that no strife
 (Farther than gentleness tends) gets place
 Among ye, striving for her lace
 O do not fall
 Foul in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
 Discord in, and so divide
 The youthful bridegroom and the fragrant bride
 Which love forsen~~l~~, but spoken
 e't to your praise, no peace was broken

Lace, girdle.

Strip her of springtime, tender-whimpering maids,
Now autumn's come, when all these flowery aids
 Of her delays must end, dispose
 That lady-smock, that pansy, and that rose
 Neatly apart,
But for prick madam and for gentle-heart,
 And soft maidens'-blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside
 Then strip her, or unto her
 Let him come who dares undo her

And to enchant ye more, see everywhere
About the roof a siren in a sphere,
 As we think, singing to the din
 Of many a warbling cherubin
 O mark ye how
The soul of nature melts in numbers now
 See, a thousand Cupids fly
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye.
 To bed, or her they'll tire,
 Were she an element of fire

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud,
 Tempting the two too modest, can
 Ye see it brusle like a swan,
 And you be cold
To meet it when it woos and seems to fold
 The arms to hug it? Throw, throw
Yourselves into the mighty overflow
 Of that white pride, and drown
 The night with you in floods of down

Brusle, raise its feathers

The bed is ready, and the maze of love
 Looks for the treaders, everywhere is wove
 Wit and new mystery, read, and
 Put in practice, to understand
 And know each wile,
 Each hieroglyphic of a kiss or smile,
 And do it to the full, reach
 High in your own conceit, and some way teach
 Nature and art one more
 Play than they ever knew before

If needs we must for ceremony's sake,
 Bless a sack-posset, luck go with it, take
 The night-charm quickly, you have spells
 And magics for to end, and hells
 To pass, but such
 And of such torture as no one would grutch
 To live therein for ever fry
 And consume, d grow again to die
 And live, and, in that case,
 Love the confusion of the place

But since it must be done, despatch, and sew
 Up in a sheet your bride, and what if so
 It be with rock or walls of brass
 Ye tower her up, as Danae was;

Grutch, grumble.

Think you that this
Or hell itself a powerful bulwark is ?
I tell ye no , but like a
old bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud, and throw
The sheet about like flakes of snow

All now is hushed in silence midwife-moon
With all her owl-eyed issue begs a boon,
Which you must grant , that's entrance , with
Which extract, all we can call pith
And quintessence
Of planetary bodies, so commence,
All fair constellations
Looking upon ye, that two nations,
Springing from two such fires
May blaze the virtue of their sires

284. THE SILKEN SNAKE.

FOR sport my Julia threw a lace
Of silk d silver at my face
Watchet the silk was, and did make
A show as if't had been a snake
The suddenness did me afright,
But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

Lace, a girdle
Watchet, pale blue

285 UPON HIMSELF

I AM sieve like, and can hold
 Nothing hot or nothing cold.
 Put in love, and put in too
 Jealousy, and both will through.
 Put in fear, and hope, and doubt,
 What comes in runs quickly out.
 Put in secracies withal,
 Whate'er enters, out it shall
 But if you can stop the sieve,
 For mine own part, I'd as lief
 Maids should say or virgins sing,
 Herrick keeps, as holds nothing

286 UPON LOVE

LOVE's a thing, as I do hear,
 Ever full of pensive fear,
 Rather than to which I'll fall,
 Trust me, I'll not like at all
 If to love I should intend,
 Let my hair then stand an end
 And that terror likewise prove
 Fatal to me in my love
 But if horror cannot slake
 Flames which would an entrance make
 Then the next thing I desire
 Is, to love and live i' th' fire

An end, on end.

287 REVERENCE TO RICHES

LIKE to the income must be our expense,
Man's fortune must be had in reverence

288 DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

*Who forms a godhead out of gold or stone
Makes not a god, but he that prays to one*

289 TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE

I COULD wish you all who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your mistresses, and be
Wisely wanton, like to me,
I could wish you dispossessed
Of that *fiend that mars your rest*,
And with tapers comes to fright
Your weak senses in the night
I could wish ye all who fry
Cold as ice, or cool as I,
But if flames best like ye, then,
Much good do 't ye, gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep

290 THE EYES

'Tis a known principle in war,
The eyes be first that conquered are.

e 291 NO FAULT IN WOMEN

o fault in women to refuse
 The offer which they most would choose.
 No fault in women to confess
 How tedious they are in their dress
 No fault in women to lay on
 The tincture of vermilion
 And there to give the cheek a dye
 Of white, where nature doth deny
 No fault in women to make show
 Of largeness when they're nothing so:
 (When true it is the outside swells
 With inward buckram, little else)
 No fault in women, though they be
 ut seldo from suspicion free
 No fault in womankind at all
 If they but slip and never fall

293 OBERON'S FEAST

Shapcot' to thee the fairy state
 I, with discretion, dedicate
 Beca e thou prizest things that are
 Curious and unfamiliar
 Take first the feast, these dishes gone,
 We'll see the Fairy Court anon

A LITTLE mushroom table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread,
 A oon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit to eat

His choice bits with , then in a trice
They make a feast less great than mice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was sterv'd ,
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy
And now we must imagine first,
The elves present, to quench his th t,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet , which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle
A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands ,
That was too coarse but then forthwitr
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sagg
And well-bestruttred bee's sweet bag
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmets' eggs , what would he more ?
But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
A bloated earwig and a fly ,

Sagg, laden.

Bestruttred, swollen.

With the red capp'd worm that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth A little moth
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth
 With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,
 Moles' eyes, to these the slain stag's tears
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
 The broke-heart of a nightingale
 O'ercome in music, with a wine
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
 But gently press'd from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
 rought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height, this done, commended
 Grace by his priest, *the feast is ended*

294 EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER

By time and counsel do the best we can,
 Th' event is never in the power of man

295 UPON HER BLUSH

WHEN Julia blushes she does show
 Cheeks like to roses when they blow

296 MERITS MAKE THE MAN

OUR honours and our commendations be
 Due to the merits, not authority

297 TO VIRGINS

HEAR, ye virgins, and I'll teach
 What the times of old did preach.
 Rosamond was in a bower
 Kept, as Danae in a tower
 But yet Love, who subtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this
 Be ye lock'd up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides,
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nunneries,
 Notwithstanding Love will win,
 Or else force a passage in
 And as coy be as you can,
 Gifts will get ye, or the man.

298 VIRTUE

EACH must in virtue strive for to excel,
That man lives twice that lives the first life well

299 THE BELLMAN

FROM noise of scare fires rest ye free,
 From murders *Benedicite*
 From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
 Mercy secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye while ye sleep.
 Past on o'clock, and almost two!
 My masters all, good-day to you

Babies in your eyes, see Note to p 17.
Scare-fires, alarms of fire

300 BASHFULNESS

OF all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness

301 TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,
MASTER EDWARD NORGATE, CLERK OF THE SIGNET
TO HIS MAJESTY EPIG

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts,
For one to whom espous'd are all the arts,
Long have I sought for, but could never see
Them all concentr'd in one man, but thee
Thus, thou that man art whom the fates conspir'd
To make but one, and that's thyself, admir'd

302 UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER SIC ESS.

PRUE, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic
Æsculapius! come and bring
Means for her recovering,
And a gallant cock shall be
Offer'd up by her to thee

303 TO APOLLO A SHORT HYMN.

PHÆBUS! when that I a verse
Or some numbers more rehearse,

Cock, the traditional offering to Æsculapius, cp
last words of Socrates, cp Ben Jonson, Epig xiii

Tune my words that they may
Each way smoothly musical
For which favour there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee

304 A HYMN TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, let me drink no more;
Wild are seas that want a shore
When our drinking has no stint,
There is no one pleasure in't
I have drank up, for to please
Thee, that great cup Hercules.
Urge no more, and there shall be
Daffodils given up to thee

306 ON HIMSELF

HERE down my wearied limbs I'll lay;
My pilgrim's staff, my weed of gray,
My palmer's hat, my scallop's shell,
My cross, my cord, and all, farewell
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here I have found a chamber fit,
God and good friends be thanked for it,
Where if I can a lodger be,
A little while from trampers free,
At my up-rising next I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all
Meanwhile, the holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend and evil sprite
From scaring you or yours this night.

307 CASUALTIES

Good things that come of course, far less do please
 Th those which come by sweet contingencies

308 BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL

DEAD falls the cause if once the hand be mute,
 ut let that speak, the client gets the suit

309 THE END

IF well thou hast begun, go on fore-right,
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

310 UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

ERE she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood
 Who as soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The e th that lightly covers her.

312 CONTENT, NOT CATES

Tis not the food, but the content
 That makes the table's merriment
 Where trouble serves the board, we eat
 The platters there as soon as meat
 A little pipkin with a bit
 Of mutton or of veal in it,
 Set on my table, trouble-free,
 More than a feast contenteth me.

313 THE ENTERTAINMENT, OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT
THE MARRIAGE OF MR HENRY NORTHLY AND
THE MOST WITTY MRS LETTICE YARD

WELCOME! but yet no entrance, till we bless
First you, then you, and both for white success
Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the Threshold-god that keeps peace here
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk bridegroom, you, the dainty bride
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise,
Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice
That done, when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to bed
Where, being laid, all fair signs looking on,
Fish-like, increase then to a million,
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, one death bring to ye both one grave

314 THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS in abundance come
To the bride and to her groom,
May the bed and this short night
Know the fulness of delight!
Pleasures many here attend ye,
And, ere long, a boy Love send ye
Curled and comely, and so trim,
Mds, in time, may ravish him.
Thus a dew of graces fall
On ye both, good night to all

316 TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong,
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again

318 UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILD-BED, AND
 LEFT A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER

As gilliflowers do but stay
 To blow, and seed, and so away,
 So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
 The garden's glory, lived a while
 To lend the world your scent and smile.

ut when your own fair print was set
 Once in a virgin flosculet,
 Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
 To give that life, resigned your own.
 But so as still the mother's power
 Lives in the pretty lady-flower

319 A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMON
 STEWARD

No news of navies burnt at seas,
 No noise of late-spawn'd tittryies,
 No closet plot, or open vent,
 That frights men with a parliament,
 No new device or late-found trick
 To read by the stars the kingdom's sick;
 No gin to catch the state, or wring
 The freeborn nostril of the king,
 We send to you, but here a jolly
 Verse, crown'd with ivy and with holly,
 That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
 That milkmaids make about the hearth,
 Of Christmas sports, the wassail bowl,
 That['s] tost up, after fox-i'-th'-hole,
 Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
 That young men have to shoe the mare,
 Of Twelfth-tide cakes, of peas and be s,
 Wherewith you make those merry scenes,

¹ *Tittryies*, &c, the Tityre-tues, see Note

Fox-i'-th'-hole, a game of hopping

To shoe the mare, or, shoe the wild e, a Christm
 game

Whenas ye choose your king and queen
And cry out *Hey, for our town green*,
Of ash heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose,
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds
Of these and such-like things for shift,
We send instead of New-Year's gift
Read then, and when your faces shine
With buxom meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,
And let our city-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men
To the ninth number, if not ten,
Until the fired chesnuts leap
For joy to see the fruits ye reap
From the plump chalice and the cup,
That tempts till it be tossed up,
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers,
But think on these that are t' appear
As daughters to the instant year
Sit crown'd with rosebuds, and carouse
Till Liber Pater twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year your cares that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up, resting now,

Buxom, tender
Liber Pater, Father Bacchus

And to the bagpipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of weariness
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holidays

320 MATINS, OR, MORNING PRAYER

WHEN with the virgin morning thou dost rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice,
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense
Thy golden censers, fill'd with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

321 EVENSONG.

BEGIN with Jove, then is the work half done,
And runs most smoothly when 'tis well begun.
Jove's is the first and last the morn's his due,
The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too,
As sure a matins does to him belong,
So sure he lays claim to the evensong.

322 THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
J 1a, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't,
ut to show thee how, in part,

Thou my pretty captive art ?
But thy bondslave is my heart,
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread and thou art free :
But 'tis otherwise with me,
I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go ,
If I could, I would not so

323 THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martyrdo ,
That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ,
That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps,
Undreadful too of courtly thunderclaps ,
That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
A change when fortune either comes or goes ,
That keeps his own strong guard in the despite
Of what can hurt by day or harm by night ,
That takes and re-delivers every stroke
Of chance (as made up all of rock and oak) ,
That sighs at others' death, smiles at his own
ost dire and horrid crucifixion
Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
im to be here our Christian militant.

324 A SHORT HYMN TO LAR

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires
Glittering to my free desires,
These accept, and I'll be free,
Offering poppy unto thee

325 ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my barque may safely run
Through thy watery region,
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offered up with thanks to the.

327 HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,
Give thou my lips but their supremest kiss,
Or else transfuse thy breath into the chest
Where my small relics must for ever rest,
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shall
be,
To give an incorruption unto me

328 GOLD BEFORE GOODNESS.

How rich a man is all desire to know,
But none inquires if good he be or no

329 THE KISS A DIALOGUE

1 Among thy fancies tell me this,
 What is the thing we call a kiss?
 2 I shall resolve ye what it is

It is a creature born and bred
 Between the lips (all cherry red),
 By love and warm desires fed

Chor And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2 It is an active flame that flies,
 First, to the babies of the eyes,
 And charms them there with lullabies

Chor And stills the bride, too, when she cries

2 Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
 It frisks and flies, now here, now there,
 'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near

Chor And here and there and everywhere

1 Has it a speaking virtue? 2 Yes

1 How speaks it, say? 2 Do you but this,
 Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss

Chor And this love's sweetest language is

1 Has it a body? 2 Aye, and wings
 With thousand rare encolourings,

And, as it flies, it gently sings,

Chor Love honey yields, but never stings

330 THE ADMONITION

SEEST thou those diamonds which she wears
 In that rich carcanet,
 Or those, on her dishevell'd hairs,
 Fair pearls in order set?
 Believe, young man, all those were tears
 By wretched woers sent,
 In mournful hyacinths and rue,
 That figure discontent,
 Wh^{ch} when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect, each one
 Congeal'd to pearl and stone,
 Which precious spoils upon her
 She wears as trophies of her honour
 Ah then, consider, what all this implies
 She that will wear thy tears would wear thine eyes

331 TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM
 SOAME EPIG

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call
 All that have been, or are canonical
 For love and bounty to come near, and see
 Their many virtues volum'd up in thee,
 In thee, brave man! whose incorrupted fame
 Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame,
 And as it shines it throws a scent about,
 As when a rainbow in perfumes goes out
 So vanish^h hence, but leave a name as sweet
 As benjamin and storax when they meet

Carcanet, necklace *Benjamin*, gum benzoin
Storax or *Styrax*, another resinous gum

332 ON HIMSELF

Ask me why I do not sing
 To the tension of the string
 As I did not long ago,
 When my numbers full did flow?
 Grief, ay, me! hath struck my lute
 And my tongue, at one time, mute

333 TO LAR

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
 Devote to thee my grains of frankincense,
 No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down,
 To honour thee, my little parsley crown,
 No more shall I (I fear me) to thee bring
 My chives of garlic for an offering,
 No more shall I from henceforth hear a choir
 Of merry crickets by my country fire
 Go where I will, thou lucky Lar stay here,
 Warm by a glitt'ring chimney all the year

334 THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON

WHAT can I do in poetry
 Now the good spirit's gone from me?
 Why, nothing now but lonely sit
 And over-read what I have writ

Chives, shreds

335 CLEMENCY

FOR punishment in war it will suffice
If the chief author of the faction dies,
Let but few smart, but strike a fear through all,
Where the fault springs there let the judgment fall

336 HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND,
M JOHN WICKES, UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMUS

AH Posthumus! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound, nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow,
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us, none,
None, Posthumus, could ere decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curs'd cypress tree,
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind,
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our holiday

Wave seen the past best times, and these
Will ne'er return, we see the seas

Posthumus, the name is taken from Horace, Ode ii
14, from which the beginning of this lyric is translated

And moons to wane
 But they fill up their ebbs again,
 But vanish'd man,
 Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
 Ne'er can repullulate, or bring
 His days to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
 Where Anchus and rich Tullus blen
 Their sacred seed
 Thus has infernal Jove decreed,
 We must be made,
 Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
 Why then, since life to us is short,
 Let's make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
 And 'noint with Tyrr balm, for when
 We two are dead,
 The world with us is buried
 Then live we free
 As is the air, and let us be
 Our own fair wind, and mark each one
 Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor, although we have
 No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

Repullulate, be born again

Anchus and rich Tullus Herrick is again translating
 from Horace (Ode iv 7, 14)

Baſæ, nor keep
 Account of such a flock of sheep,
 Nor bullocks fed
 To lard the shambles barbels bred
 To kiss our hands, nor do we wish
 For Pollio's lampreys in our dish

If we can meet and so confer
 Both by a ſhining ſalt-cellar,
 And have our roof,
 Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof,
 And ceiling free
 From that cheap candle bawdery,
 We'll eat our bean with that full mirth
 As we were lords of all the earth

Well then, on what ſeas we are toss'd,
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost
 Let the winds drive
 Our barque, yet ſhe will keep alive
 Amidſt the deeps.
 'Tis conſtancy, my Wickeſ, which keeps
 The pinnace up, which, though ſhe errs
 I' th' ſeas, ſhe ſaves her paſſenſers

Baſæ, the favourite ſeaſide reſort of the Romans in
 the time of Horace

Pollio, Vedius Pollio, who fed his lampreys with
 human flesh *Ob*, B C 15

Bawdery, dirt (with no moral meaning)

Say, we must part (sweet mercy bless
 Us both i' th' sea, camp, wilderness),
 Can we so far
 Stray to become less circular
 Than we are now?

No, no, that self same heart, that vow
 Which made us one, shall ne'er undo,
 Or ravel so to make us two

Live in thy peace, as for myself,
 When I am bruised on the shelf
 Of time, and show
 My locks behung with frost and snow,
 When with the rheum,
 The cough, the ptisick, I consume
 Unto an almost nothing, then
 The ages fled I'll call again,

And with a tear compare these last
 Lame and bad times with those are past,
 While Baucis by,
 My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry
 And so we'll sit
 By th' fire, foretelling snow and sleet,
 And weather by our aches, grown
 Now old enough to be our own

True calendars, as puss's ear
 Washed o'er's, to tell what change is near

Circular, self-sufficing, the “in se ipso totus teres
 atque rotundus” of Horace Sat 11 7, 86

Then to assuage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's breast,
And of her blush at such a feast

Then shall he read that flower of mine,
Enclos'd within a crystal shrine,

A primrose next,
A piece, then, of a higher text,
For to beget
In me a more transcendent heat
Than that insinuating fire,
Which crept into each aged sire,

When the fair Helen, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving sorceries,

At which I'll rear
Mine aged limbs above my chair,
And, hearing it,
Flutter and crow as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry
No lust there's like to poetry

Thus, frantic-crazy man, God wot,
I'll call to mind things half-forgot,

And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen!
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs,

Iulus, the son of *Æneas*

Doting, I'll weep and say, in truth,
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next I'll cause my hopefull lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
To crown the hearth,
Lar thus conspiring with our mirth,
Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
Unto the Genius of the house

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolicked with ,
Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell ,
And dancing 'bout the mystic thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse

To those, and then again to thee,
We'll drink, my Wickes, until we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket,
Until our tongues shall tell our ears
We're younger by a score of years

Pith, marrow

Thyrse, bacchic staff

Pricket, a buck in his second year

Thus, till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's ~~eyne~~,
We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail-cup
To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes.
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night bewearied

337 A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS

GODDESS, I do love a girl,
Ruby-lipp'd and tooth'd with pearl;
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee

338 TO A GENTLEWOMAN ON JUST DEALING

TRUE to yourself and sheets, you'll have me sw
You shall, if righteous dealing I find there
Do not you fall through frailty, I'll be sure
To keep my bond still free from forfeiture.

33 THE HAND AND TONGUE

Two parts of us successively command
The tongue in peace, but then in war the hand.

340 UPON A DELAYING LADY.

COME, come away,
Or let me go,
Must I here stay
Because y'are slow,
And will continue so?
Troth, lady, no.

I scorn to be
A slave to state
And, since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth at such a rate
For needy fate

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow,
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost or snow

341 TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESS TO
THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA

WHEN I of Villars do but hear the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
inding the wheel of fortune to his sphere,
Who spurned at envy, and could bring with ease
An end to all his stately purposes

For his love then, whose sacred relics show
 Their resurrection and their growth in you,
 And for my sake, who ever did prefer
 You above all those sweets of Westminster,
 Permit my book to have a free access
 To kiss your hand, most dainty governess

342 UPON HIS JULIA

WILL ye hear what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia ?
 Black and rolling is her eye,
 Double-chinn'd and forehead high,
 Lips she has all ruby red,
 Cheeks like cream enclareted ,
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face.
 So that we may guess by these
 The other parts will richly please

343 TO FLOWERS

IN time of life I graced ye with my verse ,
 Do now your flowery honours to my hearse
 You shall not languish, trust me , virgins here
 Weeping shall make ye flourish all the year

344. TO MY ILL READER

THOU say'st my lines a'e hard,
 And I the truth will tell—
 They are both hard and marr'd
 If thou not read'st them well

345^c THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE

LET kings command and do the best they may,
The saucy subjects still will bear the sway

346 A HYMN TO VENUS AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN goddess, let me be
By thy son thus grac'd and thee,
That whene'er I woo, I find
Virgins coy but not unkind
Let me when I kiss a maid
Taste her lips so overlaid
With love's syrup, that I may,
In your temple when I pray,
Kiss the altar and confess
There's in love no bitterness

347 ON JULIA'S PICTURE

How am I ravish'd! when I do but see
The painter's art in thy sciography?
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon
When once he gives it incarnation?

348 HER BED

SEE'ST thou that cloud as silver clear,
Plump, soft, and swelling everywhere?
'Tis Julia's bed, and she sleeps there

Sciography, the profile or section of a building

349 HER LEGS

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,
Which is as white and hairless as an egg

350 UPON HER ALMS

SEE how the poor do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand
A wafer dol'd by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle

351 REWARDS

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had,
Reward is that makes us good or bad

352 NOTHING NEW

NOTHING is new, we walk where others went
There's no vice now but has his precedent

353 THE RAINBOW

Look how the rainbow doth appear
But in one only hemisphere,
So likewise after our decease
No more is seen the arch of peace
That cov'nant's here, the under-bow,
That nothing shoots but war and woe

354 THE MEADOW VERSE, OR, ANNIVERSARY TO
MISTRESS BRIDGET LOWMAN

COME with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and be
 This year again the meadow's deity
 Yet ere ye enter give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flowery coronet,
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast,
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day
 This is your hour, and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land
 Full mirth wait on you, and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek but make none blush at all

355 THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE
ENDED

LOTH to depart, but yet at last each one
 Back must now go to's habitation,
 Not knowing thus much when we once do sever,
 Whether or no that we shall meet here ever.
 As for myself, since time a thousand cares
 And griefs hath filed upon my silver hairs,
 'Tis to be doubted whether I next year
 Or no shall give ye a re-meeting here
 If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
 You'll with a tear or two remember me,

Meadow-verse, to be recited at a rustic feast

Your sometime poet, but if fates do give
 Me longer date and more fresh springs to live,
 Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
 Herrick shall make the meadow-verse for you

356 UPON JUDITH EPIG

JUDITH has cast her old skin and got new,
 And walks fresh varnish'd to the public view;
 Foul Judith was and foul she will be known
 For all this fair transfiguration

359 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP, EARL OF
 PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY

How dull and dead are books that cannot show
 A prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke you !
 You who are high born, and a lord no less
 Free by your fate than fortune's mightiness
 Who hug our poems, honour'd sir, and then
 The paper gild and laureate the pen
 Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
 But warm their wits and turn their lines to gold
 Others there be who righteously will swear
 Those smooth-paced numbers amble everywhere,
 And these brave measures go a stately trot,
 Love those, like these, regard, reward them not
 But you, my lord, are one whose hand along
 Goes with your mouth or does outrun your tongue;
 Paying before you praise, and, cockering wit,
 Give both the gold and garland unto it.

Cockering, pampering.

360 AN HYMN TO JUNO

STATELY goddess, do thou please,
 Who are chief at marriages,
 But to dress the bridal bed
 When my love and I shall wed,
 And a peacock proud shall be
 Offered up by us to thee

362. UPON SAPPHO SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY
SINGING

WHEN thou dost play and sweetly sing—
 Whether it be the voice or string
 Or both of them that do agree
 Thus to entrance and ravish me—
 This, this I know, I'm oft strick mute,
 And die away upon thy lute

364 CHOP-CHERRY

THOU gav'st me leave to kiss,
 Thou gav'st me leave to woo,
 Thou mad'st me think, by this
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.

ut I shall ne'er forget
 How, for to make thee merry,
 Thou mad'st me chop, ~~but~~ yet
 Another snapp'd the cherry

Chop cherry, other name of cherry-bob

365 TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, *AND ARCH-
ANTIQUARY, M JOHN SELDEN

I, WHO have favour'd many, come to be
Grac'd now, at last, or glorified by thee,
Lo ! I, the lyric prophet, who have set
On many a head the delphic coronet,
Come unto thee for laurel, having spent
My wreaths on those who little gave or lent
Give me the daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet
A city here of heroes I have made
Upon the rock whose firm foundation laid,
Shall never shrink, where, making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

366 UPON HIMSELF

THOU shalt not all die, for, while love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines,
And learn'd musicians shall, to honour Herrick's
Fame and his name, both set and sing his lyrics.

367 UPON WRINKLES

WRINKLES no more are or no less
Than beauty turned to sourness

Daphne, i.e., the laurel

370 PRAY AND PROSPER

FIRST offer incense, then thy field and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads
 The spangling dew, dredg'd o'er the grass, shall be
 Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
 Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soil
 Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould?
 Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold

371 HIS LACHRYMÆ, OR, MIRTH TURNED TO
MOURNING

CALL me no more,
 As heretofore,
 The music of a feast,
 Since now, alas!
 The mirth that was
 In me is dead or ceas'd

Before I went,
 To banishment,
 Into the loathed west,
 I could rehearse
 A lyric verse,
 And speak it with the best.

But time, ay me!
 Has laid, I e, e,

Beads, prayers
Mell, honey
Sincere silver, pure silver.

My organ fast asleep,
And turn'd my voic
Into the noise
Of those tnat sit and weep

375 TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS

ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ,
So smells the flower of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ,
So smells the air of spiced wine ,
Or essences of jessamine ,
So smells the breath about the hives
When well the work of honey thrives ,
And all the busy factors come
Laden with wax and honey home ;
So smell those neat and woven b wers
All over-arch'd with orange flowers ,
And almond blossoms that do mix
To make rich these aromatics ,
So smell those bracelets and those bands
Of amber chaf'd between the hands ,
When thus enkindled they tr spire
A noble perfume from the fire ,
The wine of cherries , and to these
The cooling breath of respasses ,

Factors, workers
Respasses, raspberries

The smell of morning's milk and cream,
 Butter of cowslips mix'd with them,
 Of roasted warden or bak'd pear,
 These are not to be reckon'd here,
 Whenas the meanest part of her,
 Smells like the maiden pomander
 Thus sweet she smells, or what c be
 More lik'd by her or lov'd by me.

376 UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS ELIZABETH
 HERRICK

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping jet
 Or mournful marble, let thy shade ^
 Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid
 Who hither at her wonted hours
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers
 No, know, bless'd maid, when there's not one
 Remainder left of brass or stone,
 Thy living epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me;
 Dear, in thy bed of roses then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing thy curtains round Good-night.

Pomander, ball of scent.

377 A PANEGYRIC TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again let this suffice,
 I send my salt, my sacrifice
 To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far
 As to thy Genius and thy Lar,
 To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
 The fat fed smoking temple, which in
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty chimes
 Invites to supper him who dines,
 Where laden spits, warp'd with large ribs of beef,
 Not represent but give relief
 To the lank stranger and the sour swain,
 Where both may feed and come again,
 For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
 Beats with a button'd-staff the poor;
 But from thy warm love-hatching gates each may
 Take friendly morsels and there stay
 To sun his thin-clad members if he likes,
 For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
 No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants,
 Or staying there is scourg'd with taunts
 Of some rough groom, who, yrkt with corns, says
 "Sir,
 Y'ave dipped too long ' th' vinegar,
 And with our broth, and bread, and bits, sir friend.
 Y'ave fared well pray make an end,

Vigil, watchm
Button'd-staff, staff with a knob at its **d**.
Yrkt, scoured.

Two days y'ave larded here, a third, ye know,
 Makes guests and fish smell strong, pray
 go
 You to some other chimney, and there take
 Essay of other giblets, make
 Merry at another's hearth—y'are here
 Welcome as thunder to our beer,
 Manners know distance, and a man unrude
 Would soon recoil and not intrude
 His stomach to a second meal" No, no'
 Thy house well fed and taught can show
 No such crabb'd vizard thou hast learnt thy train
 With heart and hand to entertain,
 And by the armsful, with a breast unhid,
 As the old race of mankind did,
 When either's heart and either's hand-did strive
 To be the nearer relative
 Thou dost redeem those times, and what was lost
 Of ancient honesty may boast
 It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
 A course in thy fame's pledge, thy son
 Thus, like a Roman tribune, thou thy gate
 Early sets ope to feast and late,
 Keeping no currish waiter to affright
 With blasting eye the appetite,
 Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
 The trencher-creature marketh what
 est and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
 ome private pinch tells danger's nigh

Redeem, buy back.
Suppling, tender.

A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bates
Skin-deep into the pork, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,
When checked by the butler's look
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beer
Is not reserved for Trebium here,
But all who at thy table seated are
Find equal freedom, equal fare,
And thou, like to that hospitable god,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
To eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veals, thy fat
Wethers, and never grudged at
The pheasant, *partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruff, rail,*
The cock, the curlew and the quail,
These and thy choicest viands do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table not a dish more known
To thee than unto anyone
But as thy meat so thy *immortal wine*
Makes the smirk face of each to shme
And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the wit,
Flows from the wine and graces it,
While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
Honours my lady and my lord
No scurrl jest, no open scene is laid
Here for to make the face afraid,
But temperate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
ly th it makes the meat more sweet,
And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
Dost rather pour forth than allow

Trebium, friend of the epicure Lucullus, cp Juv v 1

y crude and measure, thus devoting wine
As the Canary Isles were thine,
ut with that wisdom and that method, as
No one that's there his guilty glass
Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry
Repentance to his liberty
No, thou knowest order, ethics, and has read
All economics, know'st to lead
A house-dance neatly, and canst truly show
How far a figure ought to go,
Forward or backward, sideward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace,
What gesture, courtship, comeliness agrees
With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistence to thy house, and proof
What Genii support thy roof,
Goodness and Greatness, not the oaken piles ;
For these and marbles have their whiles
To last, but not their ever, virtue's hand
It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand
Such is thy house, whose firm foundation's trust
Is more in thee than in her dust
Or depth, these last may yield and yearly
shrink
When what is strongly built, no chink
Or yawning rupture can the same devour,
But fix'd it stands, by her own power
And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock
Which tries and counter-stands the shock
And ram of time, and by vexation grows
The stronger, *virtue dies when foes*

Are wanting to her exercise, but great,
And large she spreads by dust and sweat
 Safe stand thy walls and thee, and so both will,
 Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill
 Of others, since no stud, no stone, no piece
 Was rear'd up by the poor man's fleece;
 No widow's tenement was rack'd to gild
 Or fret thy ceiling or to build
 A sweating-closet to anoint the silk
 soft skin, or bathe in asses' milk,
 No orphan's pittance left him serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting jet,
 For which their cries might beat against thine ears,
 Or in the damp jet read their tears
 No plank from hallowed altar does appeal
 To yqnd' Star-Chamber, or does seal
 A curse to thee or thine, but all things even
 Make for thy peace and pace to heaven
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times more swear than say
 This is that princely Pemberton who can
 Teach man to keep a god in man,
 And when wise poets shall search out to see
 Good men, they find them all in thee.

378 TO HIS VALENTINE ON ST VALENTINE'S DAY

OFT have I heard both youths and virgins say
 Birds choose their mates, and couple too this day,
 But by their flight I never can divine
 When I shall couple with my valentine

382 MPO: M BEN JONSON LPIG

AFTER the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
 Together with the stage's glory, stood
 Each like a poor and pitied widowhood
 The cirque profan'd was, and all postures rack'd,
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act
 Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak,
 No holy rage or frantic fires did stir
 Or flash about the spacious theatre
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praise's proof
 Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her roof
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in
 Such ignorance as theirs was who once hiss'd
 At thy unequall'd play, the *Alchemist*,
 Oh, fie upon 'em! Lastly, too, all wit
 In utter darkness did, and still will sit,
 Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee

383 ANOTHER

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the tree,
 That henceforth none be laurel-crown'd but thee

384 TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART
OF PAINTING

ON, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
 The palm from Urbin, Titian, Tintoret,

Urbin, Raphael

Brugel and Coxu, and the works outdo
Of Holbein and that mighty Rubens too
So draw and paint as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the world, Vandy.e.

386 A VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant,
Help me, so that I my shield,
Fighting, lose not in the field
That's the greatest shame of all
That in warfare can befall
Do but this, and there shall be
Offer'd up a wolf to thee

387 TO HIS MAID, PREW.

THESE summer birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide
As well the winter's as the summer's tide,
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not one, but all the seasons of the y .

Brugel, Jan Breughel, Dutch landscape painter (1569-1625), or his father or brother

Coxu, Michael van Coxcie, Flemish painter (1497-1592)

388 A CANTICLE TO APOLLO

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute,
 And we will all sit mute,
 By listening to thy lyre,
 That sets all ears on fire

Hark, hark, the god does play!
 And as he leads the way
 Through heaven the very spheres,
 As men, turn all to ears

389 A JUST MAN

A just man's like a rock that turns the wrath
 Of all the raging waves into a froth

390 UPON A HOARSE SINGER

SING me to death, for till thy voice be cle
 'Twill never please the palate of mine ear

391. HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLIC virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, living here,
 Being here their ends denied,
 Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
 Love, in pity of their tears,
 And their loss in blooming ye's,
 For their restless here-spent hours,
 Gave them heart's-ease turn'd to flowers.

392 TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET

SINCE, for thy full deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits that are here possest
Of life eternal, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation,
Live here, but know 'twas virtue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance
Keep it for ever, grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endless livelihood.

393 LAR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART.

AT my homely country-seat
I have there a little wheat,
Which I work to meal, and ma' e
Therewithal a holy cake
Part of which I give to Lar,
Part is my peculiar

394 UPON MAN

MAN IS compos'd here of a twofold part
The first of nature, and the next of art.
Art presupposes nature, nature she
Prepares the way for man's docility.

Peculiar, his own property

395 LIBERTY

THOSE ills that mortal men endure
So long, are capable of cure,
As they of freedom may be sure,
But, that denied, a grief, though small,
Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all

396 LOTS TO BE LIKED

LEARN this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot or not, to be content with all

397 GRIEFS

JOVE may afford us thousands of reliefs,
Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs

399 THE DREAM

By dream I saw one of the three
Sisters of fate appear to me ,
Close to my bedside she did stand,
Showing me there a firebrand ,
She told me too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end
Three quarters were consum'd of it ,
Only remained a little bit ,
Which will be burnt up by-and-by ;
Then, Julia, weep, for I must die.

402 CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COZEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with lawn,
 I'll have no scenes or curtains drawn,
 Give me my mistress as she is,
 Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities,
 For as my heart e'en so mine eye
 Is won with flesh, not wapery.

403 TO DIANEMA

SHOW me thy feet, show me thy legs, thy thighs,
 Show me those fleshy principalities,
 Show me that hill where smiling lo'e doth sit,
 Having a living fountain under it,
 Show me thy waist, then let me therewithal,
 By the assention of thy lawn, see all.

404 UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,
 'Tis but as day a kindling,
 But when she's up and fully dress'd,
 'Tis then broad day throughout the east

405 TO HIS BOOK

HAVE I not blest thee? Then go forth, nor fe
 Or spice, or fi , or fire, or close-stools here.
 But with thy fair fates leading thee, go on
 With thy most white predestination

No^t think these ages that do hoarsely sing
 The farting tanner and familiar king,
 The dancing friar, tatter'd in the bush,
 Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush,
 Tom Chipperfeild, and pretty lisping Ned,
 That doted on a maid of gingerbread,
 The flying pilchard and the frisking dace,
 With all the rabble of Tim Trundell's race
 (Bred from the dunghills and adulterous rhymes),
 Shall live, and thou not superlast all times
 No, no, thy stars have destin'd thee to see
 The whole world die and turn to dust with thee
He's greedy of his life who will not fall
Whenas a public ruin bears down all

406 OF LOVE

I do not love, nor can it be
 Love will in vain spend shafts on me;
 I did this godhead once defy,
 Since which I freeze, but cannot fry.
 Yet out, alas! the death's the same,
 Kill'd by a frost or by a flame

407 UPON HIMSELF

I DISLIK'D but even now,
 Now I love I know not how
 Was I idle, and that while
 Was I fir'd with a smile?
 I'll to work, or pray, and then
 I shall quite dislike again

The farting tanner, etc., see Note.

408 ANOTHER

Love he that will, it best likes me
To have my neck from love's yoke free

412 THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good Morrow to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you,
Good Morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew

Good morning to this primrose too,
Good Morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Whereup my love is laid

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and well a day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes,
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries

I'll seek him there, I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him

Pray, hurt him not, though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him,
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him

 e's soft and tender (pray take heed),
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home, but 'tis decreed
 That I shall never find him

413 TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS

I HEARD ye could cool heat, and came
 With hope you would allay the same,
 Thrice I have wash'd but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true which was foretold
 Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat
 And labour with unequal heaf;
 Cure, cure yourselves, for I descry
 Ye boil with love as well as I

414 UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HERSELF.

TELL if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
 This c phor, stor , spikenard, galbanum ,
 These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,
 Sweet as the vestry of the oracles~
 I'll tell thee. while my Julia did unlace
 Her silken bodice but a breathing space,
 The passive air such odoar then assum'd,
 As when to Jove great Juno goes perfum'd,
 Whose pure immortal body doth transmit
 A scent that fills both heaven and earth with it.

415 TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE

Whither dost thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here and there a fresh love is
That doth like me, this doth please,
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now, yet I alone,
Having all, enjoy not one.

416 THE LAWN

Would I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and thin?
It should be only in my Julia's skin,
Which so betrays her blood as we discover
The blush of cherries when a lawn's cast ov

417 THE FRANKINCENSE

When my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed cake,
And thy breast the altar whence
Love may smell the frankincense

420 TO SYCAMORES

I'm sick of love, O let me lie
Under your shades to sleep or die!
Either is welcome, so I have
Or here my bed, or here my gra

Whorry, carry rapidly

Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time with the tears that I do weep?
 Say, have ye sense, or do you prove
 What crucifixions are in love?
 I know ye do, and that's the why
 You sigh for love as well as I

421 A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

MONTANO, SILVIO, AND MIRILLO, SHEPHERDS

Mon BAD are the times *Sil* And worse than
 they are we

Mon Troth, bad are both, worse fruit and ill the
 tree

The feast of shepherds fail *Sil* None crowns the
 cup

Of wassail now or sets the quintell up,
 And he who us'd to lead the country-round,
 Youthful Mirillo, here he comes grief-drown'd

Ambo Let's cheer him up *Sil* Behold him
 weeping-ripe

Mir Ah! Amaryllis, farewell mirth and pipe,
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
 To these smooth lawns my mirthful roundelay
De Amaryllis! *Mon* Hark! *Sil* Mark! *Mir*
 This earth grew sweet

Where, Amaryllis, thou didst set thy feet

Ambo Poor pitied youth! *Mir* And here the
 breath of kine
 And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.

Quintell, quintain or tilting board.

This flock of wool and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here

Sil Words sweet as love itself Montano, hark!

Mir This way she came, and this way too she
went,

How each thing smells divinely redolent!

Like to a field of beans when newly blown,

Or like a meadow being lately mown

Mon A sweet-sad passion —

Mir In dewy mornings when she came this way

Sweet bents would bow to give my love the day,

And when at night she folded had her sheep,

Daisies would shut, and, closing, sigh and weep

Besides (ay me!) since she went hence to dwell

The voices' daughter ne'er spake syllable

But she is gone *Sil* Mirtillo, tell us whither

Mir Where she and I shall never meet together

Mon Forfend it Pan, and, Pales, do thou please

To give an end *Mir* To what? *Sil* Such griefs
as these

Mir Never, O never! Still I may endure

The wound I suffer, never find a cure

Mon Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills

And dales again *Mir* No, I will languish still,

And all the while my part shall be to weep,

And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep.

And in the rind of every comely tree

I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

Bents, grasses

Pales, the goddess of sheepfolds

Mon Set with the sun thy woes *Sil* The day
 grows old,
 And time it is our full fed flocks to fold
Chor The shades grow great, but greater grows
 our sorrow,
 But let's go steep
 Our eyes in sleep,
 And meet to weep
 To-morrow

422 THE POET LOVES A MISTRESS, BUT NOT TO
 MARRY

I do not love to wed,
 Though I do like to woo;
 And for a maidenhead
 I'll beg and buy it too
 I'll praise and I'll approve
 Those maids that never vary,
 And fervently I'll love,
 But yet I would not marry
 I'll hug, I'll kiss, I'll play,
 And, cock-like, hens I'll tread,
 And sport it any way
 But in the bridal bed
 For why? that man is poor
 Who hath but one of many,
 But crown'd he is with store
 That, single, may have any.

HESPERIDES

1

Why then, say, what is he,²
To freedom so unknown,
Who, having two or three,
Will be content with one?

425 THE WILLOW GARLAND

A WILLOW garland thou did'st send
Perfum'd, last day, to me,
Which did but only this portend—
I was forsook by thee

Since so it is, I'll tell thee what,
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow, after that,
To die upon the tree

As beasts unto the altars go
With garlands dress'd, so I
Will, with my willow-wreath, also
Come forth and sweetly die

427 A HYMN TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW³

'TWAS not love's dart,
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternal smart,

But only you,
y sometimes kno

HESPERIDES

Companion,
My dearest Crew,
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault di
And have no name
In books of fame,
Or let it lie
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are
And now no more,
As heretofore,
By jocund Lar
Shall be familiar

But though we se, sr,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithless never,
But love my Clipseyb ever.

430 EMPIRES

EMPIRES of kings are now, and ever were,
As Sallust saith, coincident to fear

431 FELICITY QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seems short to be
That's measured by felicity,
But one half-hour that's made up here
With grief, seems longer th a year.

436 THE ' ROWD AND COMPANY

IN holy meetings there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company

438 POLICY IN PRINCES

THAT princes may possess a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no one with them too great

440 UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld (with much delight)
A red rose peeping through a white ?
Or else a cherry, double grac'd,
Within a lily centre plac'd ?
Or ever mark'd the pretty beam
A strawberry shows half-drown'd in cream ?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearl and orient too ?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neat niptlet of her breast

441 TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

SHUT not so soon, the dull ey'd night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear,

Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye,
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

442. TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS

YE pretty housewives, would ye know
The work that I would put ye to?
This, this it should be for to spin
A lawn for me, so fine and thin
As it might serve me for my skin
For cruel Love has me so whipp'd
That of my skin I all am stripp'd,
And shall despair that any art
Can e e the rawness or the smart,
Unless you skin again each part.
Which mercy if you will but do,
I call all maids to witness to
What here I promise that no broom
Shall now or ever after come
To wrong a spinner or her loom

444. OBERON'S PALACE

AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see ♦
The fairy court I give to thee,

Spinners, spiders

Where we'll present our Oberon, led
Half tipsy to the fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie,
Not without mickle majesty
Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
We'll wish both them and thee good-night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no
Lust has no ears, he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes, and flings
Among the elves, if moved, the stings
Of peltish wasps, well know his guard—
Kings, though they're hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead[s] him on Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinselled with twilight, he and they,
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which, by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn and many a cross—
Track they redeem a bank of moss,
Spongy and swelling, and far more

Mickle, much

Carries hay in's horn (*foenum habet in cornu*), is
dangerous

Peltish, angry

Redeem, gain

Soft than the finest Lemster ore,
 Mildly dispairking like those fires
 Which break from the enjewell'd tyr
 Of curious brides, or like those mites
 Of candi'd dew in moony nights
 Upon this convex all the flowers
 Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
 Are to a wild digestion brought,
 As if love's sampler here was wrought
 Or Citherea's ceston, which
 All with temptation doth bewitch
 Sweet airs move here, and more divine
 Made by the breath of great-eyed hine,
 Who, as they low, impearl with milk
 The four-leaved grass or moss like silk
 The breath of monkeys met to mix
 With musk-flies are th' aromatics
 Which 'cense this arch, and here and there
 And farther off, and everywhere
 Throughout that brave mosaic yard,
 Those picks or diamonds in the card
 With peeps of hearts, of club, and spade
 Are here most neatly inter-laid
 Many a counter, many a die,
 Half-rotten and without an eye
 Lies hereabouts, and, for to pave

Lemster ore, Leominster wool

Tyres, head-dresses

Picks, diamonds on playing-cards were so called from
 their points

Peeps, pips

The excellency of this cave,
 Squirrels' and children's teeth late shed
 Are neatly here enchequered
 With brownest toadstones, and the gum
 That shines upon the bluer plum
 The nails fallen off by whitflaws art's
 Wise hand engraving here those warts
 Which we to others, from ourself ,
 Sell, and brought hither by the elves
 The tempting mole, stolen from the nec'.
 Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
 The holy entrance, where within
 The room is hung with the blue skin
 Of shifted snake enfriez'd throughout
 With eyes of peacocks' trains d trout-
 Flies' curious wings, and these among
 Those sil r pence that cut the tongue
 Of the red infant, neatly hung
 The glow-worm's eyes, the shining scales
 Of silv'ry fish , wheat straws, the snail's
 Soft candle light, the kitlmg's eyne,
 Corrupted wood, serve here for shine
 No glaring light of bold-fac'd day,
 Or other over-radiant ray,
 Ransacks this room , but what weak beams
 Can make reflected from these gems
 And multiply , such is the light,
 ut ever doubtful day or night.

Whitflaws, whitlows
Corrupted, i.e , phosphorescent.

HESPERIDES

By this quaint taper light he winds
His errors up, and now he finds
His moon tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And (love knows) tender as a chick
Upon six plump dandillions, high-
Rear'd, lies her elvish majesty
Whose woolly bubbles seem'd to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down
For either sheet was spread the caul
That doth the infant's face enthral,
When it is born (by some enstyl'd
The lucky omen of the child),
And next to these two blankets o'er-
Cast of the finest gossamore
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seemed to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty deity
Thus soft she lies and overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cob web curtains, from the roof
So neatly sunk as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air
The fringe about this are those threads
Broke at the loss of maidenheads

Winds his errors up, brings his w derings to end.
Dandillions, dandelions.

Comply, embrace

Spinner, spider

Proof, sign

And, all behung with these, pure pearls,
 Dropp'd from the eyes of ravish'd girls
 Or writhing brides, when (panting) they
 Give unto love the straiter way
 For music now, he has the cries
 Of feigned lost virginitieſ,
 The which the elves make to excite
 A more unconquered appetite
 The king's undrest, and now upon
 The gnat's watchword the elves are gone
 And now the bed, and Mab possess'd
 Of this great little kingly guest,
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
 He'll do no doubt, *this flax is spun*

444. TO HIS *PECULIAR FRIEND, MR THOMAS
 SHAPCOTT, LAWYER

I^{VE} paid thee what I promis'd, that's not all,
 esides I give thee here a verse that shall
 (When hence thy circummortal part is gone),
 Arch-like, hold up thy name's inscription
 rave men c 't die, whose candid actions are
 Writ in the poet's endless calendar
 Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
 And the pure st s the praising poetry

Farewell

*Circummortal, more th morta
 C did, fair*

445 TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE

BESIDES us two, i' th' temple here's not one
 To make up now a congregation
 Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
 And say short prayers, and when we have done so,
 Then we shall see, how in a little space
 Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

446 TO OENONE.

WHAT conscience, say, is it in thee,
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own?

For shame or pity now incline
 To play a loving part,
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both, but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither,
 Why! yet to show that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

447 HIS WEAKNESS IN WOES

I CANNOT suffer, and in this my part
 Of patience wants *Grief breaks the stoutest heart*

HESPERIDES.

448 FAME MAKES US FORWARD

To print our poems, the propulsive cause
Is fame—the breath of popular applause.

449 TO GROVES.

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relique of a saint doth wear,
Who, for some sweetheart's sake, did prove
The fire and martyrdom of love
Here is the legend of those saints
That died for love, and their complaints:
Their wounded hearts and names we find
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch'd with the self same martyrdom:
And have deserv'd as much (love knows)
As to be canonis'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greeny calendar
By all those virgins' fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and souls departed hence
(Here honour'd still with frankincense),
By all those tears that have been shed,
As a drink-offering to the dead,
By all those true love-knots that be
With mottoes carv'd on every tree,
By sweet Saint Phyllis pity me

Phyllis, the Thracian princess who hanged herself
love of Demophoon

By dear Saint Iphis, and the rest
 Of all those other saints now blest,
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit
 Among your myrtles to be writ
 That my poor name may have the glory
 To live remembered in your stoy

450 AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep
 Hush'd be all things—no noise here—
 But the toning of a tear
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering

451 TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS PRINCE, LODOWICK,
 DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.

Of all those three brave brothers fall'n i' th' war
 (Not without glory), noble sir, you are,
 Despite of all concussions, left the stem
 To shoot forth generations like to them
 Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit,
 Such essences as those three brothers, known
 Eternal by their own production.
 Of whom, from fame's white trum~~pet~~^{et}, this I'll tell,

Iphis, a Cyprian youth who hanged himself for love
 of *Anaxaretes*.

Worthy their everlasting chronicle
 Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,
Such three brave brothers fell in Mars his field
 These were those three Horatii Rome did boast,
 Rome's were these three Horatii we have lost.
 One Cœur-de-Lion had that age long since,
 This, three, which three, you make up four, brave
 prince

452 TO JEALOUSY.

O JEALOUSY, that art
 The canker of the heart,
 And makst all hell
 Where thou do'st dwell,
 For pity ne
 No fury, or no firebrand to me

Far from me I'll remove
 All thoughts of irksome love,
 And turn to snow,
 Or crystal grow,
 To keep still free,
 O! soul tormenting jealousy, from thee

453 TO LIVE FREELY

LET's live in haste, use pleasures while we may;
 Could life return, 'twould never lose a day.

455 HIS ALMS.

HERE, here I live,
 And somewhat give
 Of what I have
 To those who crave,
 Little or much,
 My alms is such,
 But if my deal
 Of oil and meal
 Shall fuller grow,
 One I'll bestow;
 Meantime be it
 E'en but a bit,
 Or else a crumb,
 The scrip hath some.

456 UPON HIMSELF

COME, leave this loathed country life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman citizen
 Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
 Waste thou in that most civil government
 Get their comportment and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild men thou art to live among,
 Then, being seated in that smoother sphere,
 Decree thy everlasting topic there,
 And to the farm-house ne'er return at all
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall

Deal, portion

457 TO ENJOY THE TIME⁴

WHILE Fates permit us let's be merry,
Pass all we must the fatal ferry, ----
And this our life too whirls away
With the rotation of the day.

458 UPON LOVE.

Love, I have broke
Thy yoke,
The neck is free;
But when I'm next
Love-vexed,
Then shackle me.

'Tis better yet
To fret
The feet or hands,
Than to enthrall
Or gall
The neck with bands.

459. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARL
OF WESTMORELAND

You are a lord, an earl, nay more, a man,
Who writes sweet numbers well as any can ;
If so, why then are not these verses hurled,
Like Sybil's leaves, throughout the ample world?

What is a jewel if it be not set
 Forth by a ring or some rich carcanet?
 But being so, then the beholders cry
 See, see a gem as rare as Belus' eye
 Then public praise does run upon the stone,
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious one
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,
 That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.
Virtue concealed, with Horace you'll confess,
Differs not much from drowsy slothfulness

460 THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft,
 Save but some few beans left,
 Whereof, at last, to make a
 For me and mine a cake,
 Which eaten, they and I
 Will say our grace, and die

461 LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OI LEANNESS.

ONE feeds on lard, and yet is lean,
 And I but feasting with a bean
 Grow fat and smooth The reason is :
 Jove prospers my meat more than his.

Belus' eye, the eye onyx "The stone called Belus'
 eye is white, and hath within it a black apple." (old
 land's *Pliny*)

464 THE JIMMALL RING OR TRUE LOVE KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a true love-knot, but I
Returned a ring of jimmals to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tie.

465 THE PARTING VERSE OR CHARGE TO HIS
SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELED.

Go hence, and with this parting kiss,
Which joins two souls, remember this·
Though thou be'st young, kind, soft, and fair
And may'st draw thousands with a hair ;
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, friends to me
Look upon all, and though on fire
Thou set their hearts, let chaste desire
Stee: thee to me, and think, me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none
Nor so immured would I have
Thee live, as dead and ir thy grave ,
But walk abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my coming, sentinel
And think, as thou do'st walk the street,
Me or my shadow thou do'st meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy feature tyrannise
In my short absence, yet behold
Them like some picture, or some mould

Jimmal or *grimal*, double or triple ring.

Fashion'd like thee, which, though 't have e s
And eyes, it neither sees or hears
Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy suitors, fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty,
For, that once lost, thou't fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million
But if they woo thee, do thou say,
As that chaste Queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors, this web done,
(Undone as oft as done), I'm won;
I will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi
Let them enstyle thee fairest fair,
The pearl of princes, yet despair
That so thou art, because thou must
believe love speaks it not, but lust,
And this their flattery does commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.
I a not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be, for the axiom saith
He that doth suspect does haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste
No, live thee to thy self, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep,

*Queen of Ithaca, Penelope
Incubi, adulterous suitors*

And let thy dreams be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed,
And thou, then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there
But yet if boundless lust must scale
Thy fortress, and will needs prevail,
And wildly force a passage in,
Banish consent, and 'tis no sin
Of thine, so Lucrece fell and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane
So Medullina fell, yet none
Of these had imputation
For the least trespass, 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd
The body sins not, 'tis the will
That makes the action, good or ill
And if thy fall should this way come,
Triumph in such a martyrdom
I will not over long enlarge
To thee this my religious charge
Take this compression, so by this
Means I shall know what other kiss
Is mixed with mine, and truly know,
Returning, if't be mine or no :
Keep it till then, and now, my spouse,
For my wished safety pay thy vows

Cyane, a nymph of Syracuse, ravished by her fath
whom (and herself) she slew

Medullina, a Roman virgin who did a like fate.
Compression, embrace

And prayers to Venus, if it please
 The great blue ruler of the seas,
 Not many full-faced moons shall wane,
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again
 As one triumphant, when I find
 In thee all faith of womankind
 Nor would I have thee think that thou
 Had'st power thyself to keep this vow,
 But, having 'scaped temptation's shelf
 Know virtue taught thee, not thyself.

466 TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THOS SOAMF.

SEEING thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
 And in that good a great patrician
 Next to which two, among the city powers
 And thrones, thyself one of those senators,
 Not wearing purple only for the show,
 As many conscripts of the city do,
 But for true service, worthy of that gown,
 The golden chain, too, and the civic crown.

467 TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 ut you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last

Conscripti, "patres conscripti," ald

HESPERIDES

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
"Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

468 MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

AN knows where first he ships himself, but he
Never c tell where shall his l ding be.

469 NOTHING FREE COST.

NOTHING comes free-cost here, Jove will not let
is gifts go from him, if not bought with sw t.

472 FEW FORTUNATE.

ANY we are, and yet but few possess
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

471 TO PERENNA.

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see
e languish for the love of thee?
Consent, and play a friendly part
To save, when thou may'st kill a heart.

472 TO THE LADIES

TRUST me, ladies, I will do
Nothing to distemper you,
If I any fret or vex,
Men they shall be, not your sex.

473 THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER

HOLY rood, come forth and shield
Us i' th' city and the field
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burn's by day,
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro,
By the time the cocks first crow

475 UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I
Pass by,
And die:
As one
Unknown

And gone
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I' th' grave :
There have
My cave,
Where tell
I dwell
Farewell

478 THE WASSAIL.

GIVE way, give way, ye gates, and *vis*
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our entering in

May both with manchet stand replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That though a thousand, thousand eat,

Yet, ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was served out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so
As that your pans no ebb may know,
But if they do, the more to flow,

Like to a solemn sober stream
Bank'd all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them

Manchet, fine white bread.

Then, may your plants be prest with fruit,
Nor bee, or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute

Next, may your duck and teeming hen
Both to the cock's tread say Amen,
And for their two eggs iender ten

Last, may your harrows, shears, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by our virgin vows

Alas! we bless, but see none here
That brings us either ale or beer,
In a dry house all things are near

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate,
And all live here with needy fate.

Where chimneys do for ever weep
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep,
With noise, the servants' eyes from sleep

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away.
Yet to the Lares this we'll say

The time will come when you'll be sad
And reckon this for fortune bad,
'Tave lost the good ye might have had.

Prest, laden
Near, penurious
Leave to wait, cease waiting.

477 UPON A LADY FAIR BUT FRUITLESS

TWICE has Pudica been a bride, and led
 By holy Hymen to the nuptial bed
 Two youths she's known thrice two, and twice three
 years,
 Yet not a lily from the bed appears
 Nor will, for why, Pudica this may know,
Trees never bear unless they first do blos

478 HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST

THESE springs were maidens once that lov'd,
 But lost to that they most approv'd
 My story tells by Love they were
 Turn'd to these springs which we see here,
 The pretty himpering that they make,
 When of the banks their leave they take,
 Tells ye but this, they are the same,
 In nothing chang'd but in their n e.

479 TO ROSEMARY AND BAYS.

My wooing's ended now my wedding's ne
 When gloves are giving, gilded be you there.

481 UPO A SCAR IN A VIRG 'S FACE.

'Tis heresy in others in your face
 That scar's no schism, but the sign of grace

482 UPON HIS EYESIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGIN to wane in sight,
 Shortly I shall bid good-night.
 Then no gazing more about,
 When the tapers once are out

483 TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M THOS FALCONBIRGE

STAND with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise
 High with thine own auspicious destinies
 Nor leave the search, and proof, till thou canst find
 These, or those ends, to which thou wast design'd
 Thy lucky genius and thy guiding star
 Have made thee prospcrous in thy ways thus far.
 Nor will they leave thee till they both have shown
 Thee to the world a prime and public one
 Then, when thou see'st thine age al^tturn'd to gold,
 Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,
 When at the holy threshold of thine house
He boded good luck to thy self and spouse
 Lastly, be mindful, when thou art grown great,
That towers high rear d dread most the lightning's threat
Whenas the humble cottages not fear
The cleaving bolt of Jove the thunderer

484 UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILL'D WITH DEW.

DEW sat on Julia's hair
 And spangled too,
 Like leaves that laden are
 With trembling dew.

O! glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beams
 *Have their reflected light
 Danc'd by the streams.

485 ANOTHER ON HER.

How can I choose but love and follow her
 Whose shadow smells like milder pomander?
 How can I choose but kiss her, whence does come
 The storax, spikenard, myrrh, and laudanum?

486 LOSS FROM THE LEAST

GREAT men by small means oft are overthrown,
He's lord of thy life who contemns his own

487 REWARD AND PUNISHMENTS

ALL things are open to these two events,
 Or to rewards, or else to punishments

488 SHAME NO STATIST

SHAME is a bad attendant to a state
He rents his crown that fears the people's hate

Pomander, ball of scent

489 TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

SINCE to the country first I came
I have lost my former flame
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my ravish'd spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado,
In regard I want that wine
Which should conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of Muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thank you, noble sir,
For those gifts you do confer
Upon him who only can
Be in prose a grateful man.

490 UPON HIMSELF.

I COULD never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed.
Never crucify my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I could never seek to please
One or many mistresses
Never like their lips to swe
Oil of roses still smelt there

I could never break my sleep,
Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep

Never beg, or humbly woo
With oaths and lies, as others do

I could never walk alone,
Put a shirt of sackcloth on
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love that day

But have hitherto liv'd free
As the air that circles me
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.

491 FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM

WOULD ye have fresh cheese and cream ?
Julia's breast can give you them
And, if more, each nipple cries
To your cream here's strawberries

492 AN ECOLOGUE OR PASTORAL BETWEEN ENDYMION
PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK,
SET AND SUNG

End Ah ! Lycidas, come tell me why
Thy whilom merry oat
By thee doth so neglected lie,
And never purls a note ?

I prithee speak *Lyc* I will *End* Say on.
Lyc 'Tis thou, and only thou,
That art the cause, Endymion
End For love's sake, tell me how

Oat, oaten pipe

Lyc. In this regard that thou do'st play
 Upon another plain,
 And for a rural roundelay
 Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
 Our finer fleeced sheep,
 Unkind to us, to spend thine hours
 Where shepherds should not keep.

I mean the court Let Latmos be
 My lov'd Endymion's court

End But I the courtly state would see.
Lyc. Then see it in report

What has the court to do with swains,
 Where Phyllis is not known?
 Nor does it mind the rustic strains
 Of us, or Corydon

Break, if thou lov'st us, this delay.

End. Dear Lycidas, e're long
 I vow, by Pan, to come away
 And pipe unto thy song

Then Jessamine, with Florabell,
 And dainty Amaryllis,
 With handsome-handed Drosomell
 Shall prank thy hook with lilies

Prank, bedeck.

Drosomell, honey dew.

Lyc Then Tityrus, and Corydon,
And Thyrsis, they shall follow
With all the rest, while thou alone
Shalt lead like young Apollo

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every genial cup,
Shall write in spice Endymion 'twas
That kept his piping up

And, my most lucky swain, when I shall live to see
Endymion's moon to fill up full, remember me
Meantime, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee

493 TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips, we do know
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show
That ye must quickly wither

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower

Come, virgins, then, and see
Your frailties, and bemoan ye;
For, lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye

494 A CAUTION

THAT love last long, let it thy first care be
 To find a wife that is most fit for thee
 Be she too wealthy or too poor, be sure
Love in extremes can never long endure

495. TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING AT THE
FOUNTA'N

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me
 Some crystal of the spring ,
 And I about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this,
 To th' glass your lips incline ,
 And I shall see by that one kiss
 The water turn'd to wine.

496 TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR
RICHARD STONE

To this white temple of my heroes here,
 Beset with stately figures everywhere
 Of such rare saintsnips, who did here consume
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume,
 Come, thou brave man ! And bring with thee a
 stone
 Unto thine own edification
 High are these statues here, besides no less
 Strong than the heavens for everlastingness
 Where build aloft , and, being fix'd by these,
 Set up thine own eternal images.

497 UPON A FLY.

A GOLDEN fly one show'd to me,
Clos'd in a box of ivory,
Where both seem'd proud the fly to have
His burial in an ivory grave,
The ivory took state to hold
A corpse as bright as burnish'd gold
One fate had both, both equal grace,
The buried, and the burying place
Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
All flowers sent to's burying,
Not Martial's bee, which in a bead
Of amber quick was buried,
Nor that fine worm that does inter
Herself i' th' silken sepulchre,
Nor my rare Phil,* that lately was
With lilies tomb'd up in a glass,
More honour had than this same fly,
Dead, and closed up in ivory.

499 TO JULIA

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes.
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but thee

Virgil's gnat, see 256

Martial's bee, see Note.

**Sparrow* (Note in the original edition)

500 TO MISTRESS DOROTHY PARSONS

IF thou ask me, dear, wherefore-
 I do write of thee no more,
 I must answer, sweet, thy part
 Less is here than in my heart

502 HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE

FILL me my wine in crystal, thus, and thus
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus*
 Unmix'd I love to have it smirk and shine,
 'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to th' otte wine
 What madman's he, that when it sparkles so,
 Will cool his flames or quench his fires with snow?

503 HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS girls these sometimes were,
 While they liv'd or lasted here
 Turn'd to flowers, still they be
 Yellow, ark'd for jealousy

504 THE BROKEN CRYSTAL

To fetch me wine my Lucia went,
 Bearing a crystal continent
 But, making haste, it came to pass
 She brake in two the purer glass,
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed;
 So with a blush beshrew'd the deed

Continent, holder

505 PRECEPTS

GOOD precepts we must firmly hold,
By daily learning we wax old.

506 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD, EARL
OF DORSET

IF I dare write to you, my lord, who are
Of your own self a public theatre,
And, sitting, see the wiles, ways, walks of wit,
And give a righteous judgment upon it,
What need I care, though some dislike me should,
If Dorset say what Herrick writes is good ?
We know y're learn'd i' th' Muses, and no less
In our state-sanctions, deep or bottomless
Whose smile can make a poet, and your glance
Dash all bad poems out of countenance,
So that an author needs no other bays
For coronation than your only praise,
And no one mischief greater than your frown
To null his numbers, and to blast his crown.
Few live the life immortal He ensures
His fame's long life who strives to set up yours.

507. UPON HIMSELF

THOU'RT hence removing (like a shepherd's tent),
And walk thou must the way that others went
Fall thou must first, then rise to life with these,
Mark'd in thy book for faithful witnesses.

508 HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL OR, FAIR
AFTER FOUL WEATHER

WHAT though the heaven be lowering now,
And look with a contracted brow ?
We shall discover, by and-by,
A repurgation of the sky ,
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

509 UPON LOVE.

I HELD Love's head while it did ache ,
But so it chanc'd to be ,
The cruel pain did his forsake ,
And forthwith came to me

Ay me ! how shall my grief be still'd ?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too-too kind ?

510 TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS PENELOPE
WHEELER

NEXT is your lot, fair, to be number'd one,
ere, in my book's canonisation
Late you come in , but you a s nt shall be,
In chief, in this poetic liturgy.

511 ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot show
Any one part that's dissonant in you
And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no plea,
Since you are known to be Penelope
Thus fair and clean you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt form and chastity.

513 CROSS AND PILE.

FAIR and foul days trip cross and pile, the fair
Far less in number than our foul days are

514 TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF
HER CHILD

WHY, madam, will ye longer weep,
Whenas your baby's lull'd asleep ?
And (pretty child) feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before
All now is silent, groans are fled
Your child lies still, yet is not dead ;
But rather like a flower hid here
To spring again another year.

Form, beauty
Trip cross and pile, come haphazard, like the heads
and tails of coins

515 HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
The all and end,
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee, my sheet
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave
And, hugging close, we will not fe
Lust entering here,
Where all desires are dead or cold
As is the mould,
And all affections are forgot,
Or trouble not
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free
And weeping widows long oppress'd
Do here find rest
The wronged client ends his laws
Here, and his cause
Here those long suits of chancery lie
Quiet, or die
And all Star-Chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best,

All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i' th' dust
Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown
Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
 There all are kings
In this securer place we'll keep,
 As lull'd asleep,
Or for a little time we'll lie
 As robes laid by,
To be another day re-worn,
 Turn'd, but not torn:
Or, like old testaments engrrost,
 Lock'd up, not lost
And for a while lie here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
Next at that great Platonick year,
 And then meet here

516 TO MISTRESS MARY WILLANE.

ONE more by thee, love, and desert have sent,
T' ensangle this expansive firmament
O flame of beauty! come, appear, appear
A virgin taper, ever shining here.

Platonick year, the 36,000th year, in which all persons
and things return to their original state

517. CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like anon we disapprove:
The new successor drives away old love.

519 ON HIMSELF.

BORN I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage.
 Much I know of time is spent,
 Tell I can't what's resident.
 Howsoever, cares, adieu!
 I'll have nought to say to you
 But I'll spend my coming hours
 Drinking wine and crown'd with flowers

520 FORTUNE FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one
 Fully, without exception,
 Though free she be, there's something yet
 Still wanting to her favourite.

521 TO PHYLLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee,

Resident, remaining

What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board.
 The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed
 With crawling woodbine over-spread,
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
 Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
 Made of the fleece's purest down
 The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
 Their milk thy drink, and thou shalt eat
 The paste of filberts for thy bread,
 With cream of cowslips buttered,
 Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
 With daisies spread and daffodils,
 Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody
 I'll give thee chains and carcanets
 Of primroses and violets
 A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
 That richly wrought, and this as brave,
 So that as either shall express
 The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
 At shearing times, and yearly wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
 Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it

Carcanets, necklaces

Wakes village feasts on the dedication day of the
 church

On holidays, when virgins meet
 To dance the *heyes* with nimble feet,
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
 The queen of roses for that year,
 And having danced, 'bove all the best,
 Carry the garland from the rest
 In wicker baskets maids shall bring
 To thee, my dearest shepherling,
 The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shame-fac'd plum, all simp'ring there.
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phyllis in the lind
 Of every straight and smooth-skin tree,
 Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee
 To thee a sheep hook I will send,
 Be-prank'd with ribands to this end;
 This, this alluring hook might be
 Less for to catch a sheep than me
 Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine,
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love
 These, nay, and more, thine own shall be
 If thou wilt love, and live with me

The heyes, a winding, country dance.

Be-prank'd, be decked

522 TO HIS KINSMAN, MISTRESS SUSANNA

HERRICK

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here a while, to languish and decay,
Like to these garden-glories, which here be
The flowery sweet resemblances of thee,
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry.
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or might'st not
die

523 UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL, HER

CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow

524 UPON HER EYES.

CLEAR are her eyes,
Like purest skies,
Discovering from thence
A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an Intelligence

525 UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at Bo-Peep,
Did soon draw in again

A baby, see Note to 38, "To his mistress objecting to
him neither toying nor talking"

526 TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

FOR civil, clean, and circumcised wit,
 And for the comely carriage of it,
 Thou art the man, the only man best known,
 Mark'd for the true wit of a million
 From whom we'll reckon Wit came in but since
 The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince

527 UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.

FLY me not, though I be grey
 Lady, this I know you'll say,
 Better look the roses red
 When with white commingled
 Black your hairs are, mine aie-white;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite.
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by

528 ACCUSATION.

IF accusation only can draw blood,
 None shall be guiltless, be he ne'er so good.

529 PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS

As thou deserv'st, be proud, then gladly let
 The Muse give thee the Delphic coronet

530 A VOW TO MINERVA

GODDESS, I begin an art,
Come thou in, with thy best part
For to make the texture lie
Each way smooth and civilly,
And a broad fac'd owl shall be
Offer'd up with vows to thee

534 TO ELECTRA

'Tis evening, my sweet,
And dark, let us meet,
Long time w'ave here been a-toying,
And never, as yet,
That season could get
Wherin t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame,
Then let not love's flame
Be ever and ever a spending,
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste,
The while we never remember
How soon our life, here,
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.

Civilly, orderly
Owl, the bird sacred to Athene or Minerva.

535 DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher project can devise
Than to sow discord 'mongst the enemies.

536 ILL GOVERNMENT.

PREPOSTEROUS is that government, and rude,
When kings obey the wilder multitude

537 TO MARIGOLDS.

GIVE way, and be ye ravish'd by the sun,
And hang the head whenas the act is done,
Spread as he spreads, wax less as he does wane ;
And as he shuts, close up to maids again

538 TO DIANEME

GIVE me one kiss
And no more
If so be this
Makes you poor,
To enrich you,
I'll restore
For that one two
Thousand score.

Preposterous, lit hind part before.

539 TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS OR QUEEN-PRIEST

THOU knew'st, my Julia, that it is thy turn
 This morning's incense to prepare and burn.
 The chaplet and Inarculum * here be,
 With the white vestures, all attending thee
 This day the queen priest thou art made, t' appease
 Love for our very many trespasses
 One chief transgression is, among the rest,
 Because with flowers her temple was not dressed,
 The next, because her altars did not shine
 With daily fires, the last, neglect of wine,
 For which her wrath is gone forth to consume
 Us all, unless preserv'd by thy perfume
 Take then thy censer, put in fire, and thus,
 O pious priestess! make a peace for us
 For our neglect Love did our death decree,
 't hat we escape *Redempt on comes by thee.*

540 ANACREONTIC

BORN I was to be old,
 And for to die here
 After that, in the mould
 Long for to lie here
 But before that day comes
 Still I be housing,
 For I know in the tombs
 There s no carousing

* A twig of a pomegranate, which the queen-priest did use to wear on her head at sacrificing (Note in the original edition)

541 MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH

EATEN I have, and though I had good cheer,
 I did not sup, because no friends were there
 Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
 Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

542 LARGE BOUNDS DO BUT BURY US

ALL things o'er-ruled are here by chance
 The greatest man's inheritance,
 Where'er the lucky lot doth fall,
 Serves but for place of burial

543 UPON URSLEY

URSLEY, she thinks those velvet patches grace
 The candid temples of her comely face,
 But he will say, whoe'er those circlets seeth,
 They be but signs of Ursley's hollow teeth.

544 AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

HERE we securely live and eat
 The cream of meat,
 And keep eternal fires,
 y which we sit, and do divine
 As wine
 And rage inspires.

Securely, free from care.

If full we charm, then call upon

Anacreon

*To grace the frantic thyrsè,
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout
To praise his verse

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung, or said,
A goblet to the brim
Of ivric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
Around
We quaff to him

Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers,
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
Wherein I dwell,
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
And this
Shall fetter you.

Thyrsè, a Bacchic staff.

Instant, oncoming

Take horse, and come, or be so kind
 To send your mind,
 Though but in numbers few,
 And I shall think I have the heart,
 Or part
 Of Clipsey Crew

545 TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR STEPHEN
 SOAME

NOR is my number full till I inscribe
 Thee, sprightly Soame, one of my righteous tribe,
 A tribe of one lip, leaven, and of one
 Civil behaviour, and religion,
 A stock of saints, where ev'ry one doth wear
 A stole of white, and canonised here,
 Among which holies be thou ever kno
 Brave kinsman, mark'd out with the whiter stone
 Which seals thy glory, since I do prefer
 Thee here in my eternal calender

546 TO HIS TOMB-MAKER

Go I must, when I am gone,
 Write but this upon my stone:
 Chaste I lived, without a wife,
 That's the story of my life
 Trewings need none, every flow
 Is in this word, bachelour.

Numbers, verses

547 GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE

OUR mortal parts may wrapp'd in sear-cloths lie
Great spirits never with their bodies die

548 NONE FREE FROM FAULT

OUT of the world he must, who once comes in
No man exempted is from death, or sin

549 UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED

LET me sleep this night away,
Till the dawning of the day,
Then at th' opening of mine eyes
I, and all the world, shall rise.

550 PITY TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to slow
No part of pity on a conquered foe.

552 HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY

HERE, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prew and me
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet.

Prew, &c., his servant, Prudence Baldwin

Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement,
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night
 We eat our own and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score,
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of others' meat
 We bless our fortunes when we see .
 Our own beloved privacy ,
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none

553 THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUEROR

He who commends the vanquished, speaks the power
 And glorifies the worthy conqueror

554 ON HIMSELF

SOME parts may perish, die thou canst not all
 The most of thee shall 'scape the funeral

556 THE FAIRIES

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place ,
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in, ere sun be set
 Wash your pails, and cleanse your fairies ,
 Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ,
 Sweep your house, who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe

557 TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNCILLOR

DID I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law,
The first foundation of that zeal should be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee,
Who dost so fitly with the laws unite,
As if you two were one hermaphrodite
Nor courts[t] thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was intended
Which were,—and still her offices are known,—
Law is to give to ev'ry one his own,
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poor from wrong.
This was the founder's grave and good intent
To keep the outcast in his tenement,
To free the orphan from that wolf like man,
Who is his butcher more than guardian,
To dry the widow's tears, and stop her swoons,
By pouring balm and oil into her wounds
This was the old way, and 'tis yet thy course
To keep those pious principles in force.
Modest I will be, but one word I'll say,
Like to a sound that's vanishing away,
Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
Hisped and hairy, ere thy palm shall know
A postern-bribe took, or a forked fee,

Hisped (*hispidus*), rough with hairs

Postern-bribe, a back-door bribe.

Forked fee, a fee from both sides in a case, cp. Ben Jonson's *Volpone* "Give forked counsel, take provoking gold on either hand."

To fetter Justice when she might be free
Eggs I'll not shave, but yet, brave man, if I
 Was desir'd forth to golden sovereignty,
 A prince I'd be, that I might thee prefer
 To be in, counsel both and chancellor

560 THE WATCH.

WAV is a watch, wound up at first, but never
 Wound up again. once down, he's down for ever
 The watch once down all motions then do cease,
 And man's pulse stop'd, all passions sleep in peace

561 LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKS
 THEIR BUCKRAM.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks,
 Shall find much farcing buckram in our books

562 ART ABOVE NATURE TO JULIA

WHEN I behold a forest spread
 With silken trees upon thy head,
 And when I see that other dress
 Of flowers set in comeliness,
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,
 Which like a pinnacle doth show
 The top, and the top-gallant too
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound
 Into an oval, square, or round,

Eggs I'll not shave, a proverb
Farfing, stuffing

And knit in knots far more than I
 Can tell by tongue, or true love t^he,
 Next, when those lawny films I see
 Play with a wild civility,
 And all those airy silks to flow,
 Alluring me, and tempting so
 I must confess mine eye and heart
 Dotes less on Nature than on Art

564 UPON HIS KINSMAN, MISTRESS BRIDGET
 * HEPICK

SWEET Bridget blush'd, and therewithal
 Fresia blossoms from her cheel s did fall
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
 Till after I had handled them
 And smelt them, then they smelt to me
 As blossoms of the almond tree.

565 UPON LOVE

I PLAYED with Love, as with the fire
 The wanton Satyr did,
 Nor did I know, or could descry
 What under there was hid

That Satyr he but burnt his hips,
 But mine's the greater smart,
 For kissing Love's dissembling chip,
 The fire scorch'd my heart.

Civility, order
The wanton Satyr, see Note

566. UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAID.

If men can say that beauty dies,
 Marbles will swear that here it lies.
 If, reader, then thou canst forbear
 In public loss to shed a tear,
 The dew of grief upon this stone
 Will tell thee pity thou hast none

567 UPON THE LOSS OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
 Is lop'd already, and the rest but stand
 Expecting when to fall, which soon will be,
 First dies the leaf, the bough next, next the tree

568 UPON IRLNE

ANGRY if Irene be
 But a minute's life with me.
 Such a fire I espy
 Walking in and out her eye,
 As at once I freeze and fry.

569 UPON ELECTRA'S TEARS

UPON her cheeks she wept, and from those showers
 Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowers.

NOTES

NOTES

2 *Whither, mad maiden, etc* From Martial, I iv
ii, 12 —

Aetherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras
I, fuge, sed poteras tuior esse domi

But for the Court Cp Martial, I iv 3, 4

4 *While Brutus standeth by* “Brutus and Cato
are commonplaces of examples of severe virtue”
Grosart But Herrick is translating This is from
Martial, XI xvi 9 10 —

Erubuit posuitque meum Lucretia librum,
Sed coram Bruto, Brute, recede, leget

8 *When he would have his verses read* The
thought throughout this poem is taken from Martial,
X xix, beginning —

Nec doctum satis et parum severum,
Sed non rusticulum nimis libellum
Facundo mea Plinio, Thalia,
I perfer

where the address to Thalia perhaps explains
Herrick’s “do not thou rehearse” The important
lines are —

Sed ne tempore non tuo disertam
Pulses ebria januam, videto

Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas
Hæc hora est tua, cum furit Lyæus,
Cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli
Tunc me vel rigidi legant Catones

When laurel spirits i' th' fire Burning bay leaves
was a Christmas observance Herrick sings —

“ Of crackling laurel, which foreshounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds ”

where compare Tibull II v 81-84 It was also
used by maids as a love omen

Thyrse sacred Orgies Herrick's glosses
show that the passage he had in mind was Catullus,
lxiv 256-269 —

Harum pars tecta quatiebant cuspide thyrsos

Pars obscura cavis celebrabant orgia cistis,
Orgia, quæ frustra cupiunt audire profani

10 *No man at one time can be wise and love*
Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur (Publius Syrus)
The quotation is found in both Burton and Montaigne

12 *Who fears to ask, etc* From Seneca, *Hippol*
594-95 Qui timide rogat docet negare

15 *Goddess Isis with her scent* Cp Plu
tarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, 15

17 *He acts the crime* Seneca Nil interest faveas
sceleri an illud facias

18 *Two things odious* From Ecclius xxv 2

31 *A Sister about I'll lead* "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife?" 1 Cor ix 5

35 *Mercy and Truth live with thee* 2 Sam xv 20.

38 *To please those babies in your eyes* The phrase "babies [*τέκνα*, dolls] in the eyes" is probably only a translation of its metaphor, involved in the use of the Latin *pupilla* (a little girl), or "pupil," for the central spot of the eye. The metaphor doubtless arose from the small reflections of the inlooker, which appear in the eyes of the person gazed at, but we meet with it both intensified, as in the phrase "to look babies in the eyes" (= to peer amorously), and with its origin disregarded, as in Herrick, where the "babies" are the pupils, and have an existence independent of any inlooker.

Small griefs find tongue Seneca, *Hippol* 608

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent

Full casks So G. Herbert, *Facula Prudentum* (1640) Empty vessels sound most

48 *Thus woe succeeds a woe as wave a wave* Horace, Ep II n. 176 *Velut unda supervenit unda* Κύματα κακῶν and κακῶν τρικυμία are common phrases in Greek tragedy

49 *Cherry pit* Printed in the 1654 edition of *Witts Recreations*, where it appears as —

"Nicholas and Neill did lately sit
Playing for sport at cherry-pit,
They both did throw, and, having thrown,
He got ~~the~~ pit and she the stone"

51 *Ennobled numbers* This poem is often quoted to prove that Herrick's country incumbency was

good for his verse, but if the reference be only to his sacred poems or *Noble Numbers* these would rather prove the opposite

52 *O earth, earth, earth, hear thou my voice*
Jerem xxii 29 *O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord*

56 *Love give me more such nights as these* A reminiscence of Marlowe's version of Ovid, *Amor* I v 26 "Jove send me more such afternoons as this"

72 *Upon his Sister-in-law, Mistress Elizabeth Herrick*, wife to his brother Thomas (see *infra*, 106)

74 *Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak* Ovid, *Phædra to Hippol* Dicere quæ puduit scribere jussit amor

Give me a kiss Herrick is here imitating the well-known lines of Catullus to Lesbia (*Carm* v) —

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum,
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus, etc

77 *To the King, upon his coming with his army into the west* Essex had marched into the west in June, 1644, relieved Lyme, and captured royal fortresses in Dorset and Devon Charles followed him into "the drooping west," and, in September, the Parliamentary infantry were forced to surrender, while Essex himself escaped by sea. Herrick's "white omens" were thus fulfilled

79 *To the King and Queen upon their unhappy*

distances Henrietta Maria escaped abroad with the crown jewels in 1642, returned the next year and rejoined Charles in the west in 1644, whence she escaped again to France. This poem has been supposed to refer to domestic dissensions, but the "ball of strife" is surely the Civil War in general, and the reference to the parting of 1644.

81 *The Cheat of Cupid* Herrick is here translating "Anacreon," 31 [3] —

Μεσογυκτίοις ποθ' ωραις
στρεφεθ ἥνικ "Ἄρκτος ἡδην
κατα χέρα τῆν Βοῶτον,
μεροπῶν δε φῦλα πάντα
5 κεταὶ κοπὸ δαμεντα,
τοῦ "Ἐρως επισταθεις μεν
θυρων εκοπτ ὥχνας
τις, εφν, θυρας αραστει,
γατα μεν σχέδεις ὀνειρους
10 ο δ "Ἐρως, ἀνοιγε, φῆσιν
βρεφος εἰψι, μη φορησαι
βρεχομαι δε κασεληνον
κατα νυκτα πεπλανημαι
ελεσα ταῦτην ακουστας,
15 ανα δ ενθυ λυχνον αψας
ανεωξα, και βρεφος μεν

εσορῶ φεροντα τοξον
πτερυγας τε και φασετρην.
παρα δ ιστιην καθισα,
20 παλαμαις τε χείρας αυτοῦ
ανεθαλπον, ἐκ δε χαυτης
απέθλιβον υγρον ὕδωρ
ο δ, επει κρυος μεθηκεν,
φερε, φῆσι, τειρασωμεν
25 τοδε τοξον, εἴ τι μοι νῦν
βλαβεται βραχεῖσα νευρη
τανυει δε και με τυπτει
μεσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οιστρος·
αγα δ αλλεται καχαζων,
30 ξενε δ, εἴπε, συγχαρηδι
κερας αβλαβεις μεν ηιν,
συ δε καρδην πονησεις

Some of his phrases, however, prove that he was occasionally more indebted to the Latin version of Stephanus than to the original.

82 *That for seven lusters I did never come* The fall of Herrick's father from a window, fifteen months after the poet's birth, was imputed at the time to suicide, and it has been reasonably conjectured that some mystery may have attached to the place of his

burial If "seven lusters" can be taken literally for thirty-five years, this poem was written in 1627

83 *Delight in Disorder* Cp Ben Jonson's "Still to be neat, still to be drest," in its turn imitated from one of the *Basia* of Johannes Bonefonius

85 *Upon Love* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654 The only variant is "To tell me" for "To signifie" in the third line

86 *To Dean Bourn* "We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his 'Farewell to Dean Bourn,' which they said he uttered as he crossed the brook upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage, to which he had been presented by Charles the First But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, 'he did see it again,' as was the fact after the restoration" Barron Field in *Quarterly Review*, August, 1810 "Herrick was ejected in 1648

A rocky generation! a people currish Cp Burton, II iii 2 a rude uncivil, wild, currish generation

91 *That man loves not who is not zealous too* Augustine, *Adv Adimant* 13 Qui non zelat, non amat

92 *The Bag of the Bee* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, and in Henry Bold's *Wit a-sporting in a Pleasant Grove of new Fancies*, 1657 Set to music by Henry Lawes

93 *Luxurious love by wealth is nourished* Ovid, *Remed Amor* 746 Divitius alitur luxuriosus amor

95 *Homcr himself* Indignor quandoque bonus doimtat Homerus Horace, *De Art Poet* 359

100 *To bread and water rone is poor* Seneca,
Excerpt 11 887 *Panem et aquam Natura desiderat,*
nemo ad haec pauper est

Nature with little is content Seneca, *Ep* xvi.
Exiguum Natura desiderat Ep ix *paivo Natura*
dimititur

106 *A County Life To his brother, M Tho*
Herrick "Thomas, baptized May 12, 1588, was
placed by his uncle and guardian, Sir William Hey-
rick, with Mr Massam, a merchant in London, but
in 1610 he appears to have returned into the country
and to have settled in a small farm. It is supposed
that this Thomas was the father of Thomas Hey-
rick, who in 1668 resided at Market Harborough and
issued a trader's token there, and grandfather to the
Thomas who was curate of Harborough and pub-
lished some sermons and poems" Hill's *Market*
Harborough, p. 122

A MS version of this poem is contained in Ash-
mole 38, from which Dr Grosart gives a full collation
on pp. clii-cliii of his Memorial Introduction. The
MS appears to follow an unrevised version of the
poem, and contains a few couplets which Herrick
afterwards thought fit to omit. The most important
passage comes after line 92 "Virtue had, and
mov'd her sphere"

"Nor know thy happy and unenvied state
Owes more to virtue than to fate,
Or fortune too, for what the first secures,
That as ~~h~~self, or heaven, endures
The two last fail, and by experience make
Known, not they give again, they take"

Thrice and above blest *Felices ter et amplius*,
Hor I *Od* xiii 7

My soul's half *Animæ dimidium meæ*, Hor I *Od* iii 8 The poem is full of such reminiscences “With holy meal and spitting (MS crackling) salt” is the “Farre pio et saliente mica” of III *Od* xxiii 20, “Untaught to suffer poverty” the “Indocilis pauperiem pati” of I *Od* i 18, “A heart thrice wall'd” comes from I *Od* iii 9 *Illi robur et æs triplex*, etc Similar instances might be multiplied Note, too, the use of “Lar” and “Genius”

Jove for our labour all things sells us Epicharm apud Xenoph *Memor* II i 20, *τῶν πόνων Πωλοῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντα τάγαθοι θεοί* Quoted by Montaigne, II xx

Wisely true to thine own self Possibly a Shakespearean reminiscence of the “to thine own self be true” in the speech of Polonius to Laertes, *Hamlet*, I iii 78

A wise man every way lies square Cp Arist *Eth* I x 11, *ὡς αληθῶς ἀγαθὸς καὶ τετράγωνος ἔνευ ψόγον*

For seldom use commends the pleasure Voluptates commendat rarior usus Juvenal, *Sat* xi ad fin

Nor fear or wish your dying day Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes Mart X xlvi 13

112 *To the Earl of Westmoreland* Mildmay Fane succeeded his father, Thomas Fane, the first earl, in March, 1628 At the outbreak of the Civil War he sided with the king, but after a short imprisonment made his submission to the Parliament, and was relieved of the sequestration of his estates

He subsequently printed privately a volume of poems, called *Otia Sacra*, which has been re edited by Dr Grosart

117 *To the Patron of Poets, M End Porter*
 Five of Herrick's poems are addressed to Endymion Porter, who seems to have been looked to as a patron by all the singers of his day According to the inscription on a medal of him executed by Varri in 1635, he was then forty eight, so that he was born in 1587, coming into the world at Aston-under-Hill in Gloucestershire He went with Charles on his trip to Spain, and after his accession became groom of his bedchamber, was active in the king's service during the Civil War, and died in 1649 He was a collector of works of art both for himself and for the king, and encouraged Rob Dover's Cotswold games by presenting him with a suit of the king's clothes A Wood tells us this, and mentions also that he was a friend of Donne, that Gervase Warmesly dedicated his *Virescit Vulnere Virtus* to him in 1628, and that in conjunction with the Earl of St Albān's he also received the dedication of Davenant's *Madagascar*

Let there be patrons, etc Burton, I 11 3, § 15
 'Tis an old saying "Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt,
 Flacce, Marones" (Mart VIII lvi 5)

Fabius, Cotta, and Lentulus are examples of Roman patrons of poetry, themselves distinguished
 Cp Juvenal, vii 94

119 *His tapers thus put out* So Ovid, *Am*
 iii 9 —

Ecce puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetrām
 Et fractos arcus, et sine luce tacem

121 *Four things make us happy here* From
 ‘Τγιαίνειν μὲν ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ θνατῷ
 δεύτερον δὲ φυὲν καλὸν γενέσθαι
 τὸ τρίτον δὲ πλούτεῖν ἀδόλως
 καὶ τὸ τέταρτον, ἡβᾶν μετὰ τὰν φιλῶν
 (Bergk, *Anth. Lyr.*, Scol 8)

123 *The Tear sent to her from Staines* This is printed in *Witts Recreations* with no other variation than in the title, which there runs “A Teare sent his Mistresse” Dr Grosart notes that Staines was at the time a royal residence

128 *His Farewell to Sack* A manuscript version of this poem at the British Museum omits many lines (7, 8, 11 22, 29-36), and contains few important variants “Of the yet chaste and undefiled bride” is a poor anticipation of line 6, and “To raise the holy madness” for “To rouse the sacred madness” is also weak For the line and a half —

“ Prithee not smile
 Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile,”
 we have the very inferior passage —

“ I prithee draw in
 Thy gazing fires, lest at their sight the sin
 Of fierce idolatry shoot into me, and
 I turn apostate to the strict command
 Of nature, bid me now farewell, or smile
 More ugly, lest thy tempting looks beguile”.

This MS version is followed in the first published text in *Witts Recreations*, 1645

130 *Upon Mrs Eliz Wheeler* “The lady complimented in this poem was probably a relation by

marriage. Herrick's first cousin, Martha, the seventh daughter of his uncle Robert, married Mr John Wheeler". Nott

132 *Fold now thine arms* A sign of grief Cp
"His arms in this sad knot" *Tempest*

134 *Mr F Warr* This John Warr is probably the same as the "honoured friend, Mr John Weare, Councillour," of a later poem. Dr Grosart quotes an "Epitaph upon his honoured friend, Master Warre," by Randolph. Nothing is known of him, but I find in the Oxford Register that a John Warr matriculated at Exeter College, 16th May, 1619, and proceeded M A in 1624. He may possibly be Herrick's friend

137 *Dowry with a wife* Cp Ovid, *Ars Am* ii
155 *Dos est uxoria lites*

139 *The Wounded Cupid* This is taken from Anacreon, 33[40] —

"Ἐρως ποτὲ εὐ ροδοῖσιν
κοιμωμένην μελιτταν
οὐκ εἴδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρωθῆ
τον δακτυλὸν παταχθεις
τας χεῖρας ὠλοινέν
δραμαν δὲ καὶ πετασθεις
πρὸς τὴν καλην Κυθηρην
οὐλωλα, μάτερ, εἶπεν,

ὅλωλα καποθησκω
ὅφις μ. ετυψε μικρος
πτερωτος, ὃν καλοῦσιν
μελιτταν οι γεωργοι
α δ εἶπεν ει το κεντρον
πονεῖ το τας μελιττας,
ποσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν,
"Ἐρως, οσους συ βαλλεις,

142 *A Virgin's face she had* Herrick is imitating a charming passage from the first *Aeneid* (ll 315-320), in which *Aeneas* is confronted by *Venus* —

Virginis os habitumque gerens et virginis arma,
Spartanae vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce volucremque fuga praevertitur Eurum.

Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
 Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
 Nuda genu nodoque sinus collecta fluentis.

With a wand of myrtle, etc Cp Anacreon, 7
 [29] —

“Τακινθίνη με βάθδω
 χαλέπως, Ἐρως βαπίζων . εἰπε
 Σὺ γὰρ οὐ δύνῃ φιλῆσαι

146 *Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's Imprisonment*
 John Williams (1582-1650), Bishop of Lincoln, 1621,
 Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, 1621-1625; suspended
 and imprisoned, 1637-1640, on a frivolous charge of
 having betrayed the king's secrets, Archbishop of
 York, 1641. Save from this poem and the *Carol*
 printed in the Appendix we know nothing of his rela-
 tions with Herrick. He had probably stood in the
 way of the poet's obtaining holy orders or preferment.
 When Herrick was appointed to the cure of Dean Prior
 in 1629, Williams had already lost favour at the Court.

147 *Cynthia pluck ye by the ear* Cp Virg Ecl
 vi 3 Cynthia aurem Vellit et admonuit, and
 Milton's *Lycidas*, 77 “Phœbus replied and touched
 my trembling ears”

The lazy man the most doth love Cp Ovid,
Remed Amor 144 Cedit amor rebus res age,
 tutus eris Nott. But Ovid could also write
 Qui nolet fieri desidiosus amet (*i Am* ix 46)

149 *Sir Thomas Southwell*, of Hangleton, Sussex,
 knighted 1615, died before December 16, 1642

Those tapers five Mentioned by Plutarch, *Qu Rom* 27 For their significance see Ben Jonson's
Masque of Hymen

O'er the threshold force her in The custom of lifting the bride over the threshold, probably to avert an ill-omened stumble, has prevailed among the most diverse races For the anointing of the doorposts Brand quotes Langley's translation of Polydore Vergil "The bryde anoynted the poostes of the doores with swynes' grease, because she thought by that meanes to dryve awaye all misfortune, whereof she had her name in Latin 'Uxor ab unguendo'"

To gather nuts A Roman marriage custom mentioned in Catullus, *Carm* lxi 124-127, the *In Nuptias Juliae et Manlii*, which Herrick keeps in mind all through this ode

With all lucky birds to side *Bona cum bona nubit alite virgo* Cat *Carm* lxi 18

But when ye both can say Come The wish in this case appears* to have been fulfilled, as Lady Scudwell administered to her husband's estate, Dec 16, 1642, and her own estate was administered on the thirtieth of the following January

Two ripe shocks of corn Cp *Job* v 26

153 *His wish* From Hor *Epist* I xviii iii,
112 —

Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes, æquum m̄i animum ipse parabo
where Herrick seems to have read *qui* for *quæ*

157 *No Herbs have power to cure Love* Ovid,
Met i 523, id *Her* v 149 *Nullis amor est*
medicabilis herbis For the 'only one sovereign
salve' cp Seneca, *Hippol.* 1189 *Mors amoris una*
sedamen

159 *The Cruel Maid* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, with no other variant than the mistaken omission of "how" in 17 I do not think that it has been yet pointed out that the whole poem is a close imitation of Theocritus, xxiii 19-47 —

"Ἄγριε παῖ καὶ στυγέ, κ τ λ

Possibly Herrick meant to translate the whole poem, which would explain his initial *And* But cp Ben Jonson's *Engl Gram* ch viii " 'And' in the beginning of a sentence serveth instead of an admiration "

164 *To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray hairs* Mr Hazlitt quotes an early MS copy headed "An old man to his younge Mrs" The variants, as he observes, are mostly for the worse The poem may have been suggested to Herrick by Anacreon, 6 [11] —

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,

Ἄνακρέων, γέρων εἰ

λαβῶν ἔσοπτρον ἔθρει

κέμας μὲν οὐκέτ' οὖσας κ τ λ

168 *To Lo Bishop of Exeter* Joseph Hall, 1574-1656, author of the satires

169 *The Countess of Carlisle* Lucy, the second wife of James, first Earl of Carlisle, the Lady Carlisle of Browning's *Strafford*

170 *I fear no earthly powers* Probably suggested by Anacreon [36], beginning τί με τὸν νόμον διδάσκεις, Cp also 7 [15] Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω

172 *A Ring presented to Julia* Printed without variation in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title "With a ☺ to Julia"

174 *Still thou reply'st The Dead* Cp Martial,
VIII lxix 1, 2 —

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos
Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas

178 *Corinna's going a Maying* Herrick's poem
is a charming expansion of Chaucer's theme "For
May wol have no slogardye a night" The account
of May-day customs in Brand (vol 1 pp 212 234) is
unusually full, and all Herrick's allusions can be
illustrated from it Dr Nott compares the last stanza
to Catullus, *Carm v*, but parallels from the classic
poets could be multiplied indefinitely.

The God unshorn of 1 2 is from Hor I *Od xxi*

2 *Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium*

181 *A dialogue between Horace and Lydia*
Hor III *Od ix*

Ramsey Organist of Trinity College, Cambridge,
1628-1634 Some of his music still exists in MS

185 *An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his
brother's death* Endymion Porter is said to have
had an only brother, Giles who died in the king's
service at Oxford, i.e., between 1642 and 1646, and
it has been taken for granted that this ode refers to
his death The supposition is possibly right, but if so,
the ode, despite its beauty, is so gratingly and extra
ordinarily selfish that we may wonder if the dead
brother is not the William Herrick of the next poem.
The first verse is, of course, a soliloquy of Herrick's,
not, as Dr Grosart suggests, addressed to him by
Porter Dr Nott again parallels Catullus, *Carm v*

186 *To his dying brother, Master William Herrick*
According to Dr Grosart and Mr Hazlitt the

poet had an elder brother, William, baptized at St Vedast's, Foster Lane, Nov 24, 1585 (he must have been born some months earlier, if this date be right, for his sister Martha was baptized in the following January), and alive in 1629, when he acted as one of the executors of his mother's will. But, it is said, there was also another brother named William, born in 1593, after his father's death, "at Harry Campion's house at Hampton". I have not been able to find the authority for this last statement, which, as it asserts the co-existence of two brothers, of the same name, is certainly surprising. According to Dr Grosart, it is the younger William who "died young" and was addressed in this poem, but I must own to feeling some doubt in the matter.

193 *The Lily in a Crystal* The poem may be taken as an expansion of Martial, VIII lxviii 5-8 —

Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet
Femineum lucet sic per bombycina corpus,
Calculus in nitidâ sic numeratur aquâ

197 *The Welcome to Sack* Two MSS at the British Museum (Harl 6931 and Add 19,268) contain copies of this important poem. These copies differ considerably from the printed version, are proved by small variations to be independent of each other, and at the same time agree in all important points. We may conclude, therefore, that they represent an earlier version of the poem, subsequently revised by Herrick before the issue of *Hesperides*. In the subjoined copy, in which the two MSS are corrected

from each other, italics show the variations, asterisks mark lines omitted in *Hesperides*, and a dagger the absence of lines subsequently added

"So *swift* streams meet, so *springs* with gladder
smiles
Meet after long *divorcement* *made by isles*
When love (the child of likeness) urgeth on
Their *crystal waters* to an union
So meet stol'n kisses when the moonie *night*
Calls forth fierce lovers to their wisht *delight*
So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces
All thoughts, *save those that tend to* getting princes
As I meet thee, Soul of my life and fame!
Eternal Lamp of Love, whose radiant flame
Out-darts the heaven's Osiris, and thy *gems*
Darken the *splendour* of his mid-day beams
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse!
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows
Nay, far more welcome than the happy soil
The sea-scourged merchant, after all his toil,
Salutes with tears of joy, when fires *display*
The *smoking* chimneys of his Ithaca
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poor pitiéd exile? Tell me, did thy Graces
Fly discontented hence, and for a time
Choose rather for to bless some other clime?
† * *Oh, then, not longer let my sweet defer*
* *Her buxom smiles from me, her worshipper!*
Why have those amber looks, the which hav been
Time past so fragrant, sickly now *call'd* in
Like a dull twilight? Tell me, * *hath my soul*

*Prophaned in speech or done an act that is foul
 Against thy purer essence ? For that fault
 I'll expiate with sulphur, hair and salt
 And with the crystal humour of the spring
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill the quarrelling
 Wilt thou not smile, nor tell me what's amiss ?
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remiss,
 Too temperate in embracing ? Tell me, has desire
 To-thee-ward died in the embers, and no fire
 Left in the raked-up *ashes*, as a mark
 To testify the glowing of a spark ?
 +I must confess I left thee, and appeal
 'Twas done by me more to *increase* my zeal,
 And double my affection [†], as do those
 Whose love grows more inflamed by being *froze*
 ut to forsake thee, [†] could there ever be
 A thought of such-like possibility ?
 When all the world may know that vines shall lack
 Grapes, before Herrick leave Canary sack
 **Sack is my life, my leaven, salt to all*
 **My dearest dainties, nay, 'tis the principal*
 **Fire unto all my functions, gives me blood,*
 **An active spirit, full marrow, and, what is good,*
Sack makes me sprightful, airy to be borne,
Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of corn
Sack makes me nimble, as the wingèd hours,
To dance and caper o'er the tops of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams Can there be a thing
 Under the *cope of heaven* that can bring
 More *joy* unto my *soul*, or can present
 y Genius with a fuller blandishment ?
 Illustrious Idol ! Can the Egyptians seek*

Help from the garliek, onion and the leek,
And pay no vows to thee, who *art the best*
God, and far more *transcending* than the rest?
Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
Thee in *the Vine*, or had but tasted one
Small chalice of thy *nectar, he, even he*
As the wise Cato had approved of thee
Had not Jove's son, the *rash* Tyrrinthian swain
(Invited to the Thesbian banquet), ta'ne
Full goblets of thy [+] blood, his **lustful sprite*
Had not kept heat for fifty maids that night
†As Queens meet Queens, *so let sack come to me*
Or as Cleopatra unto Anthonie,
When her high *visage* did at once present
To the Trumvir love and wonderment
Swell up my *feeble sinews*, let my blood
†Fill each part full of fire,* *let all my good*
Parts be encouraged, active to do
What thy commanding soul shall put *me to*,
And till I turn apostate to thy love,
Which here I vow to serve, *never remove*
Thy *blessing* from me, but Apollo's curse
Blast *all mine* actions, or, a thing that's worse,
When these circumstans *have the fate* to see
The time *when* I prevaricate from thee,
Call me the Son of Beer, and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf, let wine
N'ever shine upon me, *let my verses all*
Haste to a sudden death and funeral
And last, *dear Spousa, when I thee disavow,*
May ne'er prophetic Daphne crown my brow."

Certainly this manuscript version is in every way

inferior to that printed in the *Hesperides*, and Herick must be reckoned among the poets who are able to revise their own work

The smoky chimneys of his Ithaca Ovid, *I de Ponto*, ix 265 —

Non dubit est Ithaci prudentia sed tamen optat
Fumum de patruis posse videre focis

Upon the tops of corn Virgil (*Æn* vii 808-9) uses the same comparison of Camilla Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret Gramina, nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas

Could the Egyptians seek Help from the garlick, onion and the leek Cp Numbers xi 5, and Juv, xi 9-11

Cassius, that weak water-drinker Not, as Dr Grosart queries “Cassius Iatrosophista, or Cassius Felix?” but C Cassius Longinus, the murderer of Cæsar Cp Montaigne, *H* 2, and Seneca, *Ep* 83 “Cassius totâ vitâ aquam bibit” there quoted

201 *To trust to good verses* *Carmibus confide bonis.* Ovid, *Am* III ix 39

The Golden Pomp is come *Aurea pompa venit*, Ovid, *Am* III ii 44 “Now reigns the rose” (nunc regnat rosa) is a common phrase in Martial and elsewhere For the “Arabian dew,” cp Ovid, *Sappho to Phaon*, 98 *Arabo noster rore capillus olet*

A text *Behold Tibullus lies* *Jacet ecce Tibullus* *Vix manet e tanto parva quod urna capit* Ovid, *Am* III ix 39

203 *Lips Tongueless* Dr Nott parallels Catullus, *Carm* iii (lv) —

Si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
Fructus projicies amoris omnes
Verbosa gaudet Venus loquela

208 *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may* Set to music by William Lawes in Playford's second book of "Ayres," 1652 Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, with the variants "Gather your Rosebuds" in 1 1, 1 4, *may* for *will*, 1 6, *he is getting* for *he's a-getting*, 1 8, *nearer to his setting* for *nearer he's to setting* The opening lines are from Ausonius, ccclxi 49, 50 (quoted by Burton, *Anat Mel* III 2, 5 § 5) —

Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus, et nova pubes,
Et memor esto aevum sic properare tuum

cp also 1 43 —

Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum

209 *Has not whence to sink at all* Seneca, *Ep* xx Redige te ad parva ex quibus cadere non possis Cp Alain Delisle Qui decumbit humi non habet unde cadat

211 *His poetry his pillar* A variation upon the Horatian theme —

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius"
(III *Od* xxv)

212 *What though the sea be calm* Almost literally translated from Seneca, *Ep* iv Noli huic tranquillitati confidere momento mare evertitur eodem die ubi luserunt navis sorbentur

213 *At noon of day was seen a silver star* "King Charles the First went to St Paul's Church the 30th day of May, 1630, to give praise for the birth of his son, attended with all his Peers and a most royal Train, where a bright star appeared at High Noon in the sight of all" (*Stella Meridiana*, 1661)

213 *And all most sweet, yet all less sweet than he.* It is characteristic of Herrick that in his *Noble Numbers* ("The New-Year's Gift") he repeats this line, applying it to Christ

The swiftest grace is best 'Ωκεῖαι χάριτες γλυκερώ.
τεραι Anth Pal x 30

214 *Know thy when* So in *The Star-song* Herrick sings "Thou canst clear All doubts and manifest the where"

219 *Lord Bernard Stewart*, fourth son of Esme, third Duke of Lennox, and himself created Earl of Lichfield by Charles I. He commanded the king's troop of guards, and was killed at the battle of Rowton Heath, outside Chester, Sept 24, 1645

Clarendon (*History of the Rebellion*, ix 19) thus records his death and character "Here fell many gentlemen and officers of name, with the brave Earl of Litchfield, who was the third brother of that illustrious family that sacrificed his life in this quarrel. He was a very faultless young man, of a most gentle, courteous, and affable nature, and of a spirit and courage invincible, whose loss all men lamented, and the king bore it with extraordinary grief"

Trentall Properly a set of thirty masses for the repose of a dead man's soul. Here and elsewhere

Herrick uses the word as an equivalent for *dirge*, but Sidney distinguished them “Let dirige be sung and trentalls rightly read For love is dead,” etc “Hence, hence profane,” is the Latin, *procul o procul este profani* of Virg *Æn* vi 258, where “profane” is only equivalent to uninitiated

223 *The Fairy Temple* For a brief note on Herrick's fairy poems, see Appendix On the dedication to Mr John Merrifield, Counsellor-at-Law, Dr. Grosart remarks “Nothing seems to be now known of Merrifield. It is just possible that—as throughout the poem—the name was an invented one, ‘Merry Field’” But the records of the Inner Temple show that the Merrifields were a legal family from Woolmiston, near Crewkerne, Somersetshire John (son of Richard) Merrifield, the father, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1581, and John, the son, in 1611 This latter must be Herrick's Counsellor He rose to be a Master of the Bench in 1638 and Sergeant-at-Law in 1660 He died October, 1666, aged 75, at Crewkerne On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that Dr Grosart is right in regarding the names of the fairy saints as quite imaginary He nevertheless suggests SS Titus, Neot, Idus, Ida, Fridian or Fridolin, Trypho, Felan and Felix as the possible prototypes of “Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is,” etc It should be noted that “Tit and Nit” occur with “Wap and Win” and other obviously made up names, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*

229 *Upon Cupid* Taken from Anacreon, 5 [59]

Στέφος πλέκων ποθεν εύροι
ἐν τοῖς βόδοις Ἐρωτα

καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχών
ἔβάπτιστε εἰς τὸν οἶνον
λαβὼν δὲ ἔπινον αὐτόν,
καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου
πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει

234 *Care will make a face* Ovid, *Ar Am* 111
105 *Cura dabit faciem, facies neglecta peribit*

235. *Upon Himself* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, under the title *On an old Batchelor*, and with the variants, *married for wedded*, l 3, *one for a* in l 4, and *Rather than mend me, blind me quite* in l 6

238 *To the Rose* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, with the variants *peevish* for *flowing* in l 4, *say, if she frets, that I have bonds* in l 6, *that can tame although not kill* in l 10, and *now for thus* in l 11. The opening couplet is from *Martial*, VII lxxxix —

I, felix rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostrī cinge comas Apollinaris

241. *Upon a painted Gentlewoman* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title, *On a painted madame*

250 *Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland* See Note to 112 According to the date of the earl's succession, this poem must have been written after 1628

253 *He that will not love, etc* Ovid, *Rem. Am* 15, 16 —

¶Si quis male fert indignae regna puellae,
Ne pereat nostra sentiat artis opem

How she is her own least part *Ib* 344 *Pars minima est ipsa puerula sui*, quoted by Bacon, Burton, Lyly, and Montaigne

Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, with the variants, 'freezing colds and fiery heats,' and 'and how she is in every part'

256 *Had Lesbia*, etc See Catullus, *Carm* 111

260 *How violets came blue* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1654, as *How the violets came blue*. The first two lines read —

• "The violets, as poets tell,
With Venus wrangling went"

Other variants are *did* for *sho'd* in 1 3, *Girl for Girls*, *you for ye*, *do for dare*

264 *That verse*, etc Herrick repeats this assurance in a different context in the second of his *Noble Numbers*, *His Prayer for Absolution*

269 *The Gods to Kings the judgment give to sway* From Tacitus, *Anni* vi 8 (M Terentius to Tiberius) *Tibi summum rerum judicium dui dedere, nobis obsequi gloria relicta est*

270 *He that may sin, sins least* Ovid, *Amor* III.
iv 9, 10 —

*Cui peccare licet, peccat minus ipsa potestas
Semina nequitiae languidiora facit*

271 *Upon a maid that died the day she was married* Cp Meleager, Anth Pal vii 182

Οὐ γάμον αλλ' Ἀΐδαν επινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
δέξατο παρθενίας ἀμματα λυομένα
Ἄρτι γὰρ εσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἔχειν
λυτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι

‘Ηῶι δ’ ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ’ Ὀμέναιος
 σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο,
 Αἱ δ’ αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδάρδούχοιν παρὰ παστῷ
 πεῦκαι καὶ φθιμένᾳ νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὅδόν

278 *To his Household Gods* Obviously written at the time of his ejection from his living

283 *A Nuptial Song on Sir Clipsey Crew* Of this Epithalamium (written in 1625 for the marriage of Sir Clipsey Crew, knighted by James I at Theobald's in 1620, with Jane, daughter of Sir John Pulteney), two manuscript versions, substantially agreeing, are preserved at the British Museum (Harl. MS 6917, and Add 25, 303) Seven verses are transcribed in these manuscripts which Herrick afterwards saw fit to omit, and almost every verse contains variants of importance It is impossible to convey the effect of the earlier version by a mere collation, and I therefore transcribe it in full, despite its length As before, variants and additions are printed in italics The numbers in brackets are those of the later version, as given in *Hesperides* The marginal readings are variants of Add 25, 303, from the Harleian manuscript

i [i]

“What’s that we see from far? the spring of Day
 Bloom’d from the East, or fair *enamell’d* May
 Blown out of April, or some new
 Star fill’d with glory to our view,
 Reaching at Heaven,
 To add a nobler Planet to the seven?
 Say or do we not descry

Some Goddess in a Cloud of Tiffany
 To move, or rather the
 Emerging Venus from the sea'

2 [2]

"'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more Divine
 Enlightened substance, mark how from the shrine
 Of holy Saints she paces on
Throwing about Vermilion
 And Amber spice-
 ing the ~~chaſte~~-air with fumes of Paradise
 Then come on, come on, and yield
 A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn

3

"Lead on fair paronymphs, the while her eyes,
 Guilty of somewhat, ripe the strawberries
 And cherries in her cheeks, there's cream
 Already spilt, her rays must gleam
 Gently thereon,
 And so beget lust and temptation
 To surfeit and to hunger
 Help on her pace, and, though she lag, yet stir
 Her homewards, well she knows
 Her heart's at home, howe'er she goes

4 [3]

"See where she comes, and smell how all the street
 Breathes Vine yards and Pomegranates O how sweet,

As a fir'd Altar, is each stóne
Spirting forth pounded Cinnamon
 The Phœnix nest,
 Built up of odours, burneth in her breast
 Who *would not then* consume
 His soul to *ashes* in that rich perfume? [ash heaps
 Bestroking Fate the while
 He burns to embers on the Pile

5 [4]

“ Hymen, O Hymen! tread the sacred *round* [ground
 Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram
 crowned
 Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch
 Display thy Bridegroom in the porch
 In his desires
 More towering, more *besparkling* than thy fires
 Shew her how his eyes do turn [disparkling
 And roll about, and in their motions burn
 Their balls to cinders haste
 Or, *like a firebrand*, he will waste

6

“ See how he waves his hand, and through his eyes
 Shoots forth his jealous soul, for to surprise
 And ravish you his Bride, do you
 Not now perceive the soul of C[lipsey] C[rew],
 Your mayden knight,
 C With kisses to inspire
 You with his just and holy ire

7 [5].

*“If so, glide through the ranks of Virgins, pass
The Showers of Roses, lucky four-leaved grass
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drown you with a flowery spring
While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with
Wheat,
While that others do divine,
‘Blest is the Bride on whom the Sun doth shine’
And thousands gladly wish
You multiply as do the fish*

8.

*“Why then go forward, sweet Auspicious Bride,
And come upon your Bridegroom like a Tide
Bearing down Time before you, hye
Swell, mix, and loose your souls, imply
Like streams which flow
Encurled together, and no difference show
In their [most] silver waters, run
Into your selves like wool together spun,
Or blend so as the sight
Of two makes one Hermaphrodite*

9 [6]

*“And, beauteous Bride, we do confess you are wise
On drawing forth those bashful jealousies [doling
In love’s name, do so, and a price
Set on yourself by being nice*

But yet take heed [¶]
 What now you seem be not the same indeed,
 And turn Apostata Love will
 Part of the way be met, or sit stone still,
 On them, and though y'are slow
 In going yet, howsoever go

IO

*"How long, soft Bride, shall your dear C[lipseby] make
 Love to your welcome with the mystic cake,
 How long, oh pardon, shall the house
 And the smooth Handmaids pay their vows
 With oil and wine
 For your approach, yet see their Altars pine?
 How long shall the page to please
 You stand for to surrender up the keys
 Of the glad house? Come, come,
 Or Lar will freeze to death at home*

II

*"Welcome at last unto the Threshold, Time
 Throned in a saffron evening, seems to chime
 All in, kiss and so enter If
 A prayer must be said, be brief,
 The easy Gods
 For such neglect have only myrtle rods
 To stroke, not strike, fear you
 Not more, mild Nymph, than they would have you do,
 ~But dread that you do more offend
 In that you do begin than end*

12 [7]

“And now y’are entered, see the coddled cook
 Runs from his Torrid Zone to pry and look
 And bless his dainty mistress, see
 How th’ aged point out ‘This is she
 Who now must sway
 Us (and God shield her) with her yea and nay,’
 And the smirk Butler thinks it
 Sin in his nap’ry not t’ express his wit,
 Each striving to devise
 Some gun wherewith to catch her eyes

13

“What though your laden Altar now has won
 The credit from the table of the Sun
 For earth and sea, this cost
 On you is altogether lost
 Because you feed
 Not on the flesh of beasts, but on the seed
 Of contemplation your,
 Your eyes are they, wherewith you draw the pure
 Elixir to the mind
 Which sees the body fed, yet fined

14 [14]

“If you must needs for ceremonie’s sake
 Bless a sack posset, Luck go with you, take
 The night charm quickly, you have spells
 And magic for to end, and Hells
 To pass, but such

And of such torture as no God would grutch
 To live therein for ever fry,
 Aye and consume, and grow again to die,
 And live, and in that case
 Love the *damnation* of that place

[the]

15 [8].

“To Bed, to Bed, *sweet* Turtles now, and write
 This the shortest day, † this the longest night
 And yet too short for you, 'tis we
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone
Hearing the clock go Ten, Eleven, Twelve, One
 Quickly, quickly then prepare,
 And let the young men and the Bridesmaids share
 Your garters, and their joints
 Encircle with the Bridegroom's points

16 [9]

“By the Bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge you that no strife,
 Further than *virtue* lends, gets place
 Among you catching at her Lace
 Oh, do not fall
 Foul in these noble pastimes, lest you call
 Discord in, and so divide
 The *gentle* Bridegroom and the *fragrant* Bride,
 Which Love foretend but spoken
 Be't to your praise. ‘No peace was broken’.

17 [10]

“ Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpering maids,
Now Autumn’s come, when all *those* flowery aids
Of her delays must end, dispose
That Lady smock, that pansy and that Rose
 Neatly apart,
But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart,
 And soft maiden blush, the Bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside
 Then strip her, or unto her
Let her come who dares undo her

18 [11]

“ And to enchant *you* more, *view* everywhere [ye
About the roof a Syren in a sphere,
As we think, singing to the din
 Of many a warbling cherubin
 List, oh list! how
Even heaven gives up his soul between you now, [ye
 Mark how thousand Cupids fly
To light their Tapers at the Bride’s bright eye,
 To bed, or her they’ll tire,
Were she an element of fire

19 [12]

“ And to your more bewitching, see the proud
 lump bed bear up, and *rising* like a cloud,
 Tempting *thee, too, too* modest, can
 You see it brusle like a swan
 And you be cold

To meet it, when it woos and seems to fold
 The arms to hug *you*² throw, throw
 Yourselves into that main, *in the full flow* ✓
 Of the white pride, and drown
 The stars with you in floods of down

20 [13]

“ *You see 'tis* ready, and the maze of love
 Looks for the treaders, everywhere is wove
 Wit and new mystery, read and
 Put in practice, to understand
 And know each wile,
 Each Hieroglyphic of a kiss or smile,
 And do it *in* the full, reach
 High in your own conceipts, and *rather* teach
 Nature and Art one more
 Sport than they ever knew before

21

To the Maidens]

“ *And now y'* have wept enough, depart, yon stars [the
 Begin to pink, as weary that the wars
 Know so long Treaties, beat the Drum
 Aloft, and like two armies, come
 And guild the field,
 Fight bravely for the flame of mankind, yield
 Not to this, or that assault,
 For that would prove more Heresy than fault
 In combatants to fly
 'Fore this or that hath got the victory

22 [15]

“But since it must be done, despatch and sew
 Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so
 It be with *rib of Rock and Brass*,
Yea tower her up, as Danae was, [ye
 Think you that this,
 Or Hell itself, a powerful Bulwark is ?
 I tell you no, but like a
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
 And rend the cloud, and throw
 The sheet about, like flakes of snow

23 [16]

“All now is hushed in silence Midwife moon
 With all her Owl-ey'd issue begs a boon
 Which you must grant, that's entrance with
 Whi~~ch~~ extract, all we † call pith
 And quintessence
 Of Planetary bodies, so commence,
 All fair constellations
 Looking upon *you*, that *the* Nations
 Springing from to such Fires
 May blaze the virtue of their Sires ”

—R HERRICK

The variants in this version are not very important, one of the most noteworthy, *round* for *ground*, in stanza 5 [4], was overlooked by Dr Grosart in his collation. Of the seven stanzas subsequently omitted several are of great beauty. There are few happier images in Herrick than that of *Time throned in a saffron evening* in stanza 11. It is only when

the earlier version is read as a 'Whole that Herrick's taste in omitting is vindicated. Each stanza is good in itself, but in the MSS. the poem drags from excessive length, and the reduction of its twenty three stanzas to sixteen greatly improves it

286 *Ever full of pensive fear* Ovid, *Heroid* 1.
12 Res est solliciti plena timoris amor

287 *Reverence to riches* Perhaps from Tacit *Ann.*
1 33 Neque in familia et argento quæque ad usum
parantur nimium aliquid aut modicum, nisi ex fortuna
possidentis

288 *Who forms a godhead* From Martial, VIII
xxiv 5 —

Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus
Non facit ille deos qui rogat, ille facit

290 *The eyes be first that conquered are* From
Tacitus, *Germ* 43 Primi in omnibus proelius oculi
vincuntur

293 *Oberon's Feast* For a note on Herrick's
Fairy Poems and on the *Description of the King*
and *Queene of the Fayries* (1635), in which part of
this poem was first printed, see Appendix Add
MS 22, 603, at the British Museum, and Ashmole
MS 38, at the Bodleian, contain early versions of
the poem substantially agreeing I transcribe the
Museum copy —

"A little mushroom table spread
After the dance, they set on bread,
A yellow corn of hecky wheat
With some small sandy grit to eat

His choice bits, with *which* in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice
But all the while his eye *was* served
We *dare* not think his ear was served
But that there was in place to stir
His fire the *pittering* Grasshopper,
The merry Cricket, puling Fly,
The piping Gnat for minstralcy
The Humming Dor, the dying Swan,
And each a choice Musician
And now we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed pearl of infant dew,
Brought and *beswetted* in a blue
And pregnant violet, which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery Butterflies
Of which he eats, *but with* a little
Neat cool allay of Cuckoo's spittle,
A little Fuz ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands—
That was too coarse, but *he not spares*
To feed upon the candid hairs
Of a dried canker, with a sagg
And well *bestuffed* Bee's sweet bag.
Stroking his pallet with some store
Of Emmet eggs What would he more,
But Beards of Mice, *an Ewt's* stew'd thigh,
A pickled maggot and a dry
Hipp, with a Red cap worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a Nut

Brown as his tooth, and with the fat
 And well-boiled inchpin of a Bat
 A bloated Earwig with the Pith
 Of sugared rush aglads him with,
 But most of all the Glow worm's fire,
 As most betickling his desire
 To know his Queen, mixt with the far-
 Fetcht binding-jelly of a star
 The silk worm's seed, a little moth
 Lately fattened in a piece of cloth,
 Withered cherries, Mandrake's ears,
 Mole's eyes, to these the slain stag's tears,
 The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail,
 The broke heart of a Nightingale
 O'er-come in music, with a wine
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering Vine,
 But gently pressed from the soft sid
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
 Brought in a *daisy chalice*, which
 He fully quaffs off to bewitch
 His blood *too high* This done, commended
 Grace by his Priest, the feast is ended "

The Shapcott to whom this *Oberon's Feast* and *Oberon's Palace* are dedicated is Herrick's "peculiar friend, Master Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer," of a later poem. Dr. Grosart again suggests that it may have been a character-name, but, as in the case of John Merrifield, the owner was a West country-man and a member of the Inner Temple, where he was admitted in 1632 as the "son and heir of Thomas Shapcott," of Exeter.

298 *That man lives twice* From Martial, X.
xxiii 7 —

Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus hoc est
Vivere bis vita posse priore frui

301 *Master Edward Norgate, Clerk of the Signet of his Majesty* —

Son to Robert Norgate, D D , Master of Bene't College, Cambridge He was employed by the Earl of Arundel to purchase pictures, and on one occasion found himself at Marseilles without remittances, and had to tramp through France on foot According to the Calendars of State Papers in 1625, it was ordered that, "forasmuch as his Majesty's letters to the Grand Signior, the King of Persia, the Emperor of Russia, the Great Mogul, and other remote Princes, had been written, limned, and garnished with gold and colours by scriveners abroad, thenceforth they should be so written, limned, and garnished by Edward Norgate, Clerk of the Signet in reversion" Six years later this order was renewed, the "Kings of Bantam, Macassar, Barbary, Siam, Achine, Fez, and Sus" being added to the previous list, and Norgate being now designated as a Clerk of the Signet Extraordinary In the same year, having previously been luemantle Pursuivant, he was promoted to be Windsor Herald, in which capacity he received numerous fees during the next few years, and was excused ship money He still, how ver, retained his clerkship, for he writes in 1639 "The poor Office of Arms is fain to blazon the Council books and Signet". The phrase

occurs in a series of nineteen letters of extraordinary interest, which Norgate wrote from the North, chiefly to his friend, Robert Reade, secretary to Windebank, on the course of affairs. In Sept., 1641, "Ned Norgate" was ordered personally to attend the king. "It is his Majesty's pleasure that the master should wait and not the men, and *that they shall find*." Henceforth I find no certain reference to him, according to Fuller he died at the Herald's Office in 1649. It would be interesting if we could be sure that this Edward Norgate is the same as the one who in 1611 was appointed Tuner of his Majesty's "virginals, organs, and other instruments," and in 1637 received a grant of £140 for the repair of the organ at Hampton Court. Herrick's love of music makes us expect to find a similar trait in his friends.

313 *The Entertainment, or Porch Verse* The words *Ye wrong the threshold-god* and the allusion to the porch in the Clipsby Crew Epithalamium (stanza 4) show that there is no reference here (as Brand thinks, II 135) to the old custom of reading part of the marriage service at the church door or porch (cp Chaucer "Husbands at churche door she had had five"). The porch of the house is meant, and the allusions are to the ceremonies at the threshold (cp the Southwell Epithalamium). Dr Grosart quotes from the Dean Prior register the entry of the marriage of Henry Northleigh, gentleman, and Mistress Lettice Yard on September 5, 1639, by licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

319 *No noise of late-spawned Tittyries* In the

Camden Society's edition of the *Diary of Walter Yonge*, p. 70 (kindly shown me by the Rev. J. H. Ward), we have a contemporary account of the Club known as the Tityre Tues, which took its name from the first words of Virgil's first *Eclogue*—“The beginning of December, 1623, there was a great number in London, haunting taverns and other debauched places, who swore themselves in a brotherhood and named themselves *Tityre Tues*. The oath they gave in this manner he that was to be sworn did put his dagger into a pottle of wine, and held his hand upon the pommel thereof, and then was to make oath that he would aid and assist all other of his fellowship and not disclose their council. There were divers knights, some young noblemen and gentlemen of this brotherhood, and they were to know one the other by a black bugle which they wore, and their followers to be known by a blue ribbond. There are discovered of them about 80 or 100 persons, and have been examined by the Privy Council, but nothing discovered of any intent they had. It is said that the king hath given commandment that they shall be reexamined.” In Mennis's *Musarum Deliciae* the brotherhood is celebrated in a poem headed “The Tytre Tues, or, a Mocke Song To the tune of Chive Chase By Mr George Chambers.” The second verse runs.—

“They call themselves the Tytere-tues,
And ware a blue ribbin,
And when a-drie would not refuse
To drinck O fearful sin!

“ The council, which is thought most wise,
Did sit so long upon it,
That they grew weary and did rise,
And could make nothing on it ”

According to a letter of Chamberlain to Carleton, indexed among the *State Papers*, the Tityres were a secret society first formed in Lord Vaux's regiment in the Low Countries, and their “ prince ” was called Ottoman. Another entry shows that the “ Bugle ” mentioned by Yonge was the badge of a society originally distinct from the Tityres, which afterwards joined with it. The date of Herrick's poem is thus fixed as December, 162 $\frac{3}{4}$, and this is confirmed by another sentence in the same passage in *Yonge's Diary*, in which he says “ The Jesuits and Papists do wonderfully swarm in the city, and rumours lately have been given out for firing the Navy and House of Munition, on which are set a double guard ” The Parliament to which Herrick alludes was actually summoned in January, 1624, to meet on February 12. Sir Simeon Steward, to whom the poem is addressed, was of the family of the Stewards of Stantney, in the Isle of Ely. He was knighted with his father, Mark Steward, in 1603, and afterwards became a fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was at different times Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire, and while serving in the latter capacity got into some trouble for unlawful exactions. In 1627 he wrote a poem on the *King of the Fairies Clothes* in the same vein as Herrick's fairy pieces.

321 *Then is the world half done* As Dr Grosart suggests, Herrick may have had in mind the “*Dimidium facti qui coepit habet*” of Horace, I *Epist* ii 40. But here the emphasis is on beginning *well*, there on *beginning*.

Begin with *Jove* is doubtless from the “*Ab Jove principium, Musæ*,” of Virg *Ecl* iii 60.

323 *Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas* A reminiscence of Horace, III *Od* i 25 32.

328 *Gold before goodness* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, as *A Foolish Querie*. The sentiment is from Seneca, *Ep* cxv. An dives, omnes quærimus, nemo, an bonus. Cp Juvenal, III 140 sqq., Plaut *Menæchm* IV ii 6.

331 *To his honoured kinsman, Sir William Soame* The second son of Sir Stephen Soame, Lord Mayor of London in 1598. Herrick's father and Sir Stephen married sisters.

As benjamin and storax when they meet Instances of the use of “*Benjamin*” for gum benzoin will be found in the Dictionaries. Dr Grosart's gloss, “*Benjamin*, the favourite youngest son of the Patriarch,” is unfortunate.

336 *His Age dedicated to M John Wickes under the name of Posthumus* There is an important version of this poem in Egerton MS, 2725, where it is entitled *Mr Herrick's Old Age to Mr Weekes*. I do not think it has been collated before. Stanzas 1-6 contain few variants, ii 6 reads “*Dislikes to care for what's behind*”, iii 6 “*Like a lost maidenhead*,” for “*Like to a lily lost*”, v 8 “*With the best and whitest stone*”, vi 1 “*We'll*

not be poor" After this we have two stanzas omitted in 1648 —

" We have no vineyards which do bear
 Their lustful clusters all the year,
 Nor odoriferous
 Orchards, like to Alcinous,
 Nor gall the seas
 Our witty appetites to please
 With mullet, turbot, gilt-head bought
 At a high rate and further brought

" Nor can we glory of a great
 And stuffed magazine of wheat,
 We have no bath
 Of oil, but only rich in faith
 O'er which the hand
 Of fortune can have no command,
 But what she gives not, she not takes,
 But of her own a spoil she makes "

Stanza vii, 1 2, has "close" for "both", 1 3 "see" for "have", 1 6, "open" for "that cheap", 1 7, "full" for "same" Stanzas x -xvii have so many variants that I am obliged to transcribe them in full, though they show Herrick not at his best, and the poem is not one to linger over —

10

" Live in thy peace, as for myself,
 When I am bruised on the shelf
 Of Time, and *read*

*Eternal daylight o'er my head
 When with the rheum,
 With cough and ptsick, I consume
 Into an heap of cinders, then
 The Ages fled I'll call again,*

II

'And with a tear compare these last
And cold times unto those are past,
 While Baucis by
With her lean lips shall kiss them dry,
 • *Then will we sit*
 By the fire, foretelling snow and sleet
 And weather by our aches, grown
 †Old enough to be our own

II

'True Calendar []
Is for to know what change is near,
 Then to assuage
 The gripings in the chine by age,
 I'll call my young
 Iulus to sing such a song
 I made upon my mistress' breast,
 Or such a blush at such a feast

II

"Then shall he read my *Lily fine*
Entomb'd within a crystal shrine,
 My Primrose next
 A piece then of a higher text,
 For to beget

In me a more transcendent heat
 Than that insinuating fire
 Which crept into each reverend Sire,

14

“ When the *high* Helen *her* fair cheeks
 Showed to the army of the Greeks,
 At which I’ll *rise*
 (*Blind* though as *midnight* in my eyes),
 And hearing it,
 Flutter and crow, *and*, in a fit
 Of *young* concupiscence, and *feel*•
New flames within the aged steal

15

“ Thus frantic, crazy man (God wot),
 I’ll call to mind *the times* forgot
 And oft between
Sigh out the Times that *we* have seen!
And shed a tear,
 And twisting my Iulus hair,
 Doting, I’ll weep and say (in truth)
 Baucis, these were *the* sins of youth

16

“ Then *will I* cause my hopeful Lad
 (If a wild Apple can be had)
 To crown the Hearth
 (Lar thus conspiring with our mirth),
Next to infuse
 Our *better* beer into the cruse
 Which, neatly spiced, we’ll first carouse
 Unto the *Vesta* of the house

“ Then the next health to friends of mine
In oysters, and Burgundian wine,
Hind, Goderiske, Smith,
*And Nansagge, sons of clune** and pith,
 Such who know well
 To board the magic bowl, and spill
All mighty blood, and can do more
Than Jove and Chaos them before ”

This John Wickes or Weekes is spoken of by Anthony à Wood as a “jocular person” and a popular preacher. He enters Wood’s *Fasti* by right of his co-optation as a D D in 1643, while the court was at Oxford, his education had been at Cambridge. He was a prebendary of Bristol and Dean of St Burian in Cornwall, and suffered some persecution as a royalist. Herrick later on, when himself shedless, and cottageless, addresses another poem to him as his “peculiar friend,”

To whose glad threshold and free door
 I may, a poet, come, though poor

A friend suggests that Hind may have been John Hind, an Anacreontic poet and friend of Greene, and has found references to a Thomas Goodricke of St John’s Coll, Camb, author of two poems on the accession of James I, and a Martin Nansogge, B. of Trinity Hall, 1614, afterwards vicar of Cornwood, Devon. Smith is certainly

* Clune = “clunis,” a haunch

James Smith, who, with Sir John Mennis, edited the *Musarum Deliciae*, in which the first poem is addressed "to Parson Weekes an invitation to London," and contains a reference to—

"That old sack
Young Herrick took to entertain
The Muses in a sprightly vein"

The early part of this poem contains, along with the name Posthumus, many Horatian reminiscences. cp especially II *Od* xiv 1-8, and IV *Od* vii 14. It may be noted that in the imitation of the latter passage in stanza iv the MS copy at the Museum corrects the misplacement of the epithet, reading —

"But we must on and thither tend
Where Tullus and rich Ancus blend," etc,
for "Where Ancus and rich Tullus"

Again the variant, "Open candlebaudery," in verse 7, is an additional argument against Dr Grosart's explanation "Obscene words and figures made with candle-smoke," the allusion being merely to the blackened ceilings produced by cheap candles without a shade

337 *A Short Hymn to Venus* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, as *A vow to Cupid*, with variants 1 1, *Cupid* for *Goddess*, 1 2, *like* for *with*, 1 3, *that I may* for *I may but*, 1 5, *do* for *will*

340 *Upon a delaying lady* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, as *A Check to her delay*

341 *& The Lady Mary Villars*, niece of the first Duke of Buckingham, married successively Charles, son of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, Esme Stuart, Duke

of Richmond and Lennox, and Thomas Howard
Died 1685

355 *Hath filed upon my silver hairs* Cp Ben
Jonson, *The King's Entertainment* —

“What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months, and
years

That hang in file upon these silver hairs
Could not produce,” etc

359 *Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery*
Philip Herbert (born 1584, died 1650), despite his
foul mouth, ill temper, and devotion to sport (“He
would make an excellent chancellor to the mews
were O ford turned into a kennel of hounds,” wrote
the author of *Mercurius Mercurius* when Pembroke
succeeded Laud as chancellor), was also a patron of
literature. He was one of the “incomparable pair of
brethren” to whom the Shakespeare folio of 1623 was
dedicated, and he was a good friend to Massinger.
His fondness for scribbling in the margins of books
may, or may not, be considered as further evidence
of a respect for literature

366 *Thou shalt not all die* Horace's “non omnis
moriar”

367 *Upon Wrinkles* Printed in *Witts Recrea-
tions*, 1650, under the title *To a Stale Lady* The
first line there reads —

“Thy wrinkles are no more nor less”

375 *Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie*, eldest daughter
of Sir Thomas Soame, and second wife of Sir Thomas
Abdy, Bart., of Felix Hall, Essex. Herrick's poem
is modelled on *Mair III lxv*

376 *Upon his Kinswoman, Mistress Elizabeth Herrick*, daughter of the poet's brother Nicholas

377 *A Panegyric to Sir Lewis Piñberton* of Rushden, in Northamptonshire, sheriff of the county in 1622, married Alice, daughter of Tho Bowles Died 1641 With this poem cp Ben Jonson's *Epig* c1

But great and large she spreads by dust and sweat
 Dr Grosart very appositely quotes Montaigne
 " For it seemeth that the verie name of vertue presupposeth difficultie and inferreth resistance, and cannot well exercise it selfe without an enemie" (Florio's tr, p 233) But I think the two passages have a common origin in some version of Hesiod's $\tau\bar{\eta}s \dot{\alpha}\rho\tau\bar{\eta}s i\bar{\delta}\rho\bar{\omega}\tau\bar{\alpha} \theta\epsilon\bar{\omega} \pi\bar{\rho}\pi\bar{\alpha}\rho\bar{\iota}\bar{\theta}\bar{\epsilon}\bar{\nu}$ $\epsilon\bar{\theta}\eta\kappa\bar{\alpha}\bar{\nu}$, which is twice quoted by Plato

382 *After the rare arch poet, Jonson, died*
 Perhaps suggested by the Epitaph of Plautus on himself, *ap* Gell 1 24 —

Postquam est mortem aptus Plautus, comoedia
 luget,
 Scena deserta, dein risus, ludu' jocusque,
 Et numeri innumeri simul omnes collacruma-
 runt

384 *To his nephew, to be prosperous in painting.*
 This artistic nephew may have been a Wingfield, son of Mercy Herrick, who married John Wingfield, of Brantham, Suffolk, or one of three sons of Nicholas Herrick and Susanna Salter, or Thomas, or some unknown son of Thomas Herrick There is no record of any painter Herrick's achievements.

392 *Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet*, of Chertsey, in Surrey Died 1658

405 *Nor fear or spice or fish* Herrick is remembering Persius, 1 43 Nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus To form the paper jacket or *tunica* which wrapt the mackerel in Roman cookery seems to have been the ultimate employment of many poems Cp Mart III 1 9, IV lxxxvii 8, and Catullus, XCV 8

The farting Tanner and familiar King The ballad here alluded to is that of *King Edward IV. and the tanner of Tamworth*, printed in Prof Child's collection "The dancing friar tattered in the bush" of the next line is one of the heroes of the old ballad of *The Fryar and the Boye*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and included in the Appendix to Furnivall and Hales' edition of the Percy folio The boy was the possessor of a "magic flute," and, having got the friar into a bush, made him dance there

"Jack, as he piped, laughed among,
The Friar with briars was viley stung,
He hopped wondrous high
At last the Friar held up his hand
And said I can no longer stand,
Oh! I shall dancing die "

"Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush" is explained by Dr Grossart as an allusion to "The Historie of Friar Rush, how he came to a House of Religion to seek a Service, and being entertained by the Prior was made First Cook, being full of pleasant Mirth and Delight for young people" Of "Tom

Chipperfield and pretty lisping Ned" I can find nothing "The flying Pilchard and the frisking Dace" probably belong to the fish monsters alluded to in the *Tempest* In "Tim Trundell" Herrick seems for the sake of alliteration to have taken a liberty with the Christian name of a well-known ballad publisher

He's greedy of his life From Seneca, *Thyestes*, §84 85 —

Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult
Mundo secum pereunte mori

407 *Upon Himself* 408 *Another* Both printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, the second under the title of *Love and Liberty* This last is taken from *Corn Gall Eleg* 1 6, quoted by Montaigne, III 5 —

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto viveire collo

412 *The Mad Maid's Song* A manuscript version of this song is contained in Harleian MS 6917, fol 48, ver 80 The chief variants are st 1 1 2, *morrow* for *morning*, 1 4, *all dabbled* for *bedabbled*, st 11 1 1, *cowslip* for *primrose*, 1 3, *tears* for *flowers*, 1 4, *was* for *is*, st v 1 1, *hope* for *know*, st vii 1 2, *balsam* for *cowslips*

415 *Whither dost thou whorry me* Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui Plenum? Hor III Od xxv 1

430 *As Sallust saith*, i.e., the pseudo Sallust in the *Epist ad Cai Cæs de Repub Ordinanda*

431 *Every time seems short* Epigr in Farnabii, *Florileg* [a 1629] —

Toῖσι μὲν εὖ πράττουσιν ἄπας δὲ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν:
Τοῖς δὲ κακῶς, μία νῦξ ἀπλετός ἐστι χρόνος.

443 *Oberon's Palace — After the feast (my Shap-cott) see* See 223, 293, from which it is a pity that this poem should have been divorced. Of the *Palace* there are as many as three MS versions, viz., Add 22, 603 (p. 59), and Add 25, 303 (p. 157), at the British Museum, both of which I have collated, and Ashmole MS 38, which I only know through my predecessors. The three MSS appear to agree very harmoniously, and they unite in increasing our knowledge of Herrick by a passage of twenty seven lines, following on the words "And here and there and farther off," and in lieu of the next four and a half lines in *Hesperides*. They read as follows:—

" Some sort of pear,
Apple or plum, is neatly laid
(As if it was a tribute paid)
By the round urchin, some malt wheat
The which the ant did taste, not eat,
Deaf nuts, soft Jews'-ears, and some tenn
Chippings, the mice filched from the bin
Of the gray farmer, and to these
The scraps of lentils, chittied peas,
Dried honeycombs, brown acorn cups,
Out of the which he sometimes sups
His herby broth, and there close by
Are pucker'd bullace, cankers (?), dry
Kernels, and withered haws, the rest
Are trinkets fal'n from the kite's nest,
As butter'd bread, the which the wild
Bird snatched away from the crying child,
Blue pins, tags, fesenes, beads and things
Of higher price, as half-jet rings

Ribbons and then some sunken shreaks
 The virgins lost at barley breaks
 Many a purse-string, many a thread
 Of gold and silver therein spread,
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten and without an eye,
Lies here about, and, as we guess,
 Some bits of thimbles seem to dress
 The brave cheap work, *and for to pave*
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels and children's teeth late shed
 Serve here, both which enchequered
 With castors' doucets, which poor they
 Bite off themselves to 'scape away
 Brown toadstones, ferrets' eyes, *the gum*
That shines," etc

The italicised words in the last few lines appear in *Hesperides*, all the rest are new. Other variants are "The grass of Lemster ore soberly sparkling" for "the finest Lemster ore mildly disparkling", "gurdle" for "ceston", "The eyes of all doth strait bewitch" for "All with temptation doth bewitch", "choicely hung" for "neatly hung", "silver roach" for "silvery fish", "cave" for "room", "get reflection" for "make reflected", "Candlemas" for "taper-light", "moon-tane" for "moon-tanned," etc, etc

Kings though they're hated. The "Qderint dum metuant" of the *Atreus* of Accius, quoted by Cicero and Seneca

446. *To Oenone* Printed in *Witts Recreations*,

1650, under the title¹ "The Farewell to Love and to his Mistress," and with the unlucky misprint "court" for "covet" (also "for" for "but") in the stanza III 1 1

447 *Grief breaks the stoutest heart* Frangit
fortia corda dolor Tibull III 11 6

451 *To the right gracious Prince, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond and Lennox* There appears to me to be a blunder here which Dr Grosart and Mr Hazlitt do not elucidate, by recording the birth of Lodo wick, first Duke of Richmond, in 1574, his succession to the Lennox title in 1583 creation as Duke of Richmond in May, 1623, and death in the following February For this first duke was no "stem" left "of all those three brave brothers fallen in the war," and the allusion here is undoubtedly to his nephews—George, Lord d'Aubigny, who fell at Edgehill, Lord John Stewart, who fell at Alresford, and Lord Ber nard Stewart (Earl of Lichfield), who fell at Rowton Heath In elucidation of Herrick's Dirge (219) over the last of these three brothers, I have already quoted Clarendon's remark, that he was "the third brother of that illustrious family that sacrificed his life in this quarrel," and it cannot be doubted that Herrick is here alluding to the same fact The poem must therefore have been written after 1645, *i.e.*, more than twenty years after the death of Duke Lodowick But the duke then living was James, who succeeded his father Esme in 1624, was re-created Duke of Richmond in 1641, and did not die till 1655 It is true that there was a brother named Lodovic, but he was an abbot in France and never

succeeded to the title Herric^r, therefore, seems to have blundered in the Christian name

453 *Let's live in haste* From Martial, VII xlvii
II, 12 —

Vive velut rapto fugitivaque gaudia carpe
Perdiderit nullum vita reversa diem

457 *While Fates permit* From Seneca, *Herc Fur*
177 —

Dum Fata sinunt,
Vivite laeti properat cursu
Vita citato, volucrque die
Rota praecipitis vertitur anni

459 *With Horace (IV Od ix 29)* —

Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
Celata virtus

465 *The parting Verse or charge to his Supposed Wife when he travelled* MS variants of this poem are found at the British Museum in Add 22, 603, and in Ashmole MS 38. Their title, "Mr Herrick's charge to his wife," led Mr Payne Collier to rashly identify with the poet a certain Robert Herrick married at St Clement Danes, 1632, to a Jane Gibbons. The variants are numerous, but not very important. In 1 4 we have "draw wooers" for "draw thousands", ll 11-16 are transposed to after 1 28, and "Are the expressions of that itch" is written "As emblems will express that itch", ll 27, 28 appear as —

"For that once lost thou needst must fall
To one, then prostitute to all

And we then have the transposed passage —

Nor so immured would I have
 Thee live, as dead, *or* in thy grave,
 But walk abroad, yet wisely well
 Keep 'gainst my coming sentinel,
 And think *each man thou seest* doth doom
 Thy thoughts to say, *I back am come*

Farther on we have the rather pretty variant —

“ Let them *call thee wondrous fair,*
Crown of women, yet despair ”

Eight lines lower “ virtuous ” is read for “ gentle,”
 and the omission of some small words throws some
 light on a change in Herrick’s metrical views as he
 grew older. The words omitted are bracketed —

“ [And] Let thy dreams be only fed
 With this, that I am in thy bed
 And [thou] then turning in that sphere,
 Waking findst [shall find] me sleeping there
 But [yet] if boundless lust must scale
 Thy fortress and *must* needs prevail
 ‘Gainst thee and force a passage in,” etc

Other variants are “ Creates the action ” for “ That
 makes the action ”, “ Glory ” for “ Triumph ”,
 “ my last signet ” for “ this compression ”, “ turn
 again in my full triumph ” for “ come again, As
 one triumphant,” and “ the height of womankind ”
 for “ all faith of womankind ”

The body sins not, 'tis the will, etc A maxim of
 law Latin *Actus non facit reum nisi mers sit rea*

466 *To his Kinsman, Sir Thos Soame*, son of
 Sir Stephen Soame, Lord Mayor of London, 1589,
 and of Anne Stone, Herrick’s aunt Sir Thomas

was Sheriff of London, 1635, M.P. for the City, 1640, and died Jan., 1670. See Cussan's *Hertfordshire (Hundred of Edwinstreet, p. 100)*

470 *Few Fortunate* A variant on the text (Matt. xx 16) "Many be called but few chosen"

479 *To Rosemary and Bays* The use of rosemary and bays at weddings forms a section in Brand's chapter on marriage customs (ii 119) For the gilding he quotes from a wedding sermon preached in 1607 by Roger Hacket "Smell sweet, O ye flowers, in your native sweetness be not gilded with the idle art of man" The use of gloves at weddings forms the subject of another section in Brand (ii 125) He quotes Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* "We see no ensigns of a wedding here, no character of a bridal, where be our scarves and our gloves?"

483 *To his worthy friend, M. Thomas Falconbridge* As Herrick hints at his friend's destiny for a public career, it seemed worth while to hunt through the Calendar of State Papers for a chance reference to this Falconbridge, who so far has evaded editors He is apparently the Mr Thomas Falconbridge who appears in various papers between 1640 and 1644, as passing accounts, and in the latter year was "Receiver-General at Westminster"

Towers reared high, etc Cp. Horace, Od II x 9-12

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Finus, et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feruntque summos
Fulgura montes

486 *He's lord of thy life*, etc Seneca, *Epist Mor* iv Quisquis vitam suam contempsit tuae dominus est Quoted by Montaigne, I xxiii

488 *Shame is a bad attendant to a state* From Seneca, *Hippol* 431 Malus est minister regu imperii pudor

He rents his crown that fears the people's hate
Also from Seneca, *Oedipus*, 701 Odia qui nimium timet regnare nescit

496 *To his honoured kinsman, Sir Richard Stone*, son of John Stone, sergeant at law, the brother of Julian Stone, Herrick's mother He died in 1660

To this white temple of my heroes Ben Jonson's admirers were proud to call themselves "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and Herrick, a devout Jonsonite, seems to have imitated the idea so far as to plan sometimes, as here, a Temple, sometimes a Book (see *infra*, 512), sometimes a City (365), a Plantation (392), a Calendar (545), a College (983), of his own favourite friends, to whom his poetry was to give immortality The earliest direct reference to this plan is in his address to John Selden, the antiquary (365), in which he writes —

"A city here of heroes I have made
Upon the rock whose firm foundation laid
Shall never shrink, where, making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god"

It is noteworthy that the poems which contain the clearest reference to this Temple (or its variants) are mostly addressed to kinsfolk, *e.g.*, this to Sir Richard Stone, to Mrs Penelope Wheeler, to Mr Stephen

Soame, and to Susanna and Thomas Herrick. Other recipients of the honour are Sir Edward Fish and Dr Alabaster, Jack Crofts, Master J. Jincks, etc

497 *All flowers sent, etc* See Virgil's—or the Virgilian—*Culex*, ll. 397-410

Martial's bee See *Epig.* IV xxxii

De ape electro inclusa
 Et latet et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,
 Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori

500 *To Mistress Dorothy Parsons* This "saint" from Herrick's Temple may certainly be identified with the second of the three children (William, Dorothy, and Thomasine) of Mr John Parsons, organist and master of the choristers at Westminster Abbey, where he was buried in 1623. Herrick addresses another poem to her sister Thomasine —

"Grow up in beauty, as thou dost begin,
 And be of all admired, Thomasine"

502 *'Tis sin to throttle wine* Martial, I xix 5
 Scelus est jugulare Falernum

506 *Edward, Earl of Dorset*, Knight of the Garter, grandson of Thomas Sackville, author of *Gorboduc*. He succeeded his brother, Richard Sackville, the third earl, in 1624, and died in 1652. Clarendon describes a duel which he fought with Lord Bruce in Flanders

Of your own self a public theatre Cp. Burton (Democ to Reader) "Ipse mihi theatrum".

510 *To his Kinswoman, Mrs Perelope Wheeler*
See Note on 130

511 *A mighty strife 'twixt form and chastity*
Lis est cum formâ magna pudicitâ Quoted from
Ovid by Burton, who translates "Beauty and
honesty have ever been at odds"

514 *To the Lady Crew, upon the death of her
child* This must be the child buried in West
minster Abbey, according to the entry in the register
"1637, Feb 6 Sir Clipsy Crewe's daughter, in the
North aisle of the monuments" Colonel Chester
annotates "She was a younger daughter, and was
born at Crewe, 27th July, 1631 She died on the 4th
of February, and must have been an independent
heiress, as her father administered to her estate on
the 24th May following"

515 *Here needs no Court for our Request* An
allusion to the Court of Requests, established in the
time of Richard II as a lesser Court of Equity for
the hearing of "all poor men's suits" It was
abolished in 1641, at the same time as the Star
Chamber

517 *The new successor drives away old love*
From Ovid, *Rem Am* 462 Successore novo
vincitur omnis amor

519 *Born I was to meet with age* Cp 540 From
Anacreon, 38 [24] —

'Επείδη βρότος ἐτέχθη,
Βιότου τρίβον δδεύειν,
Χρόνον ἔγγων δν παρῆλθον,
Ου δὲ ξω δραμεῖν οὐκ οἶδα.

Μέθετέ με, φροντίδες
 Μηδέν μοι καὶ νμῖν ἔστω
 Πρὸν ἐμὲ φθάση τὸ τέρμα,
 Παίξω, γελάσω, χορεύσω,
 Μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαλού

520 *Fortune did never favour one* From Dionys Halicarn, as quoted by Burton, II iii 1, § 1

521 *To Phillis to love and live with him* A variant on Marlowe's theme "Come live with me and be my love" Donne's *The Bait* (printed in Grosart's edition, vol ii p 206) is another

522 *To his Kinswoman, Mistress Susanna Herrick*, wife of his elder brother Nicholas

523 *Susanna Southwell* Probably a daughter of Sir Thomas Southwell, for whom Herrick wrote the Epithalamium (No 149)

525 *Her pretty feet*, etc Cp Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding" —

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light"

526 *To his Honour'd Friend, Sir John Mynts* John Mennis, a Vice Admiral of the fleet and knighted in 1641, refused to join in the desertion of the fleet to the Parliament After the Restoration he was made Governor of Dover and Chief Comptroller of the Navy He was one of the editors of the collection called *Musarum Deliciæ* (1656), in the first poem of which there is an allusion to—

That old sack

Young Heinrich took to entertain
The Muses in a sprightly vein”

27 *Fly me not*, etc From Anacreon, 49 [34] —

Μή με φύγης, δρῶσα
Τὰν πολιὰν θειραν
“Ορα κάν στεφάνοισιν
’Οπως πρέπει τὰ λευκὰ
’Ρόδοις κρίν’ ἐμπλακέντα

529 *As thou deserv’st be proud* Cp Hor III
Od xxx 14 —

Sume superbiam
Quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam

534 *To Electra* Printed in *Witts Recreations*,
1650, where it is entitled *To Juna*

536 *Ill Government* *When kings obey*, &c
From Seneca, *Octav* 581 —

Male imperatur, cum regit vulgus duces

545 *To his Worthy Kinsman, Mr Stephen Soame*
(the son or, less probably, the brother of Sir Thomas
Soame) *One of my righteous tribe* Cp Note to
198

547. *Great spirits never with their bodies die*
Tact. *Agnc* 46 — “Si quis piorum manibus locus,
si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguitur
untur magnae animae”

554 *Die thou canst not all* Hor IV Od xxx
6, 7.

556 *The Fairies* Cp the old ballad of *Rybin Goodfellow*.—

“When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maids both black and blue”,

and Ben Jonson’s *Entertainment at Althorpe*, etc

557 *M John Weare, Councillour* Probably the same as “the much lamented Mr J Warr” of 134

Law is to give to every one his own Cicero, *De Fini* v Animi affectio suum cuique tribuens Jus tutia dicitur

562 *His Kinswoman, Bridget Hurrell*, eldest daughter of his brother Nicholas

563 *The Wanton Satyr* See Sir E Dyer’s *The Shepherd’s Concert of Prometheus* —

“Prometheus, when first from heaven high
He brought down fire, ere then on earth not seen,
Fond of delight, a Satyr standing by
Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been

‘The difference is—the Satyr’s lips, my heart,
He for a time, I evermore, have smart’

So *Euphues* “Satyrus not knowing what fire was
would needs embrace it and was burnt,” and Sir John Davies, *False and True Knowledge*

PRINTED AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS,
9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET